

PHILASTER

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

Acted at the

{Globe,
and
Blackfriars.}

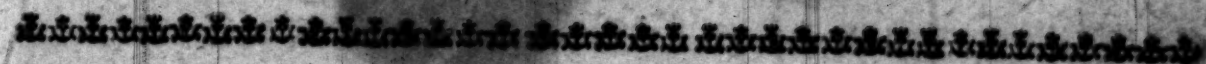
{By his Majesties
Servants.

The Authors being

{Francis Beaumont,
and
John Fletcher.}

{Gent.

The fourth Impression.



LONDON,

Printed by *E. Griffin* for *William Leak*, and are to
be sold at his shop in Chancery Lane neere
the six Clarks Office 1639.

PHILASTER

OR

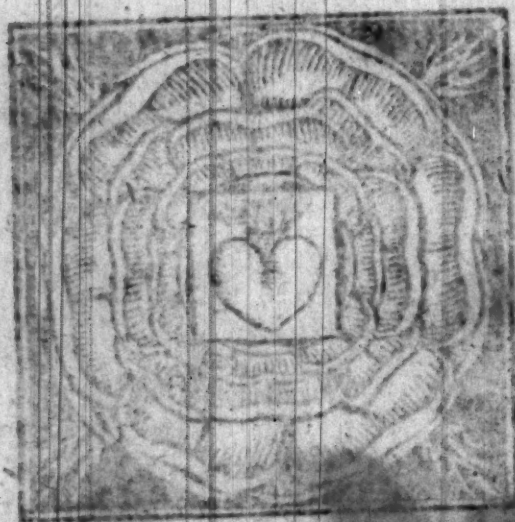
Loveless Bidding.

By his Majesties
Secretaries
Globe
and
Blackfriers

Ased in the

The Authors being
John Fletcher.
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Francis Beaumont
Gent.

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THE STATIONER TO THE UNDERSTANDING GENTRIE.



His Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort, I take, or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of three editions, no lesse acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first impression swarm'd with errors, proving it selfe, like pure Gold, which the more it hath bene tryed and refined, the better is esteemed; the best poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now consider how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stampe of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainefull Office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have heard and seene it, but by others that have meerely heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine owne benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lye like this Love a Bleeding,) doe fairely arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, set foorth againe, to gaine the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

The Scene being in *Cicilie*.

The persons presented are these
viz.

THE King.

PHILASTER, heire to the Crowne.

PHARAMOND, Prince of Spaine.

DION, a Lord.

CLEREMONT, } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.
THRASALINE, }

ARETHVS, the Kings daughter.

GALATEA, a wise modest Lady attending the Princeesse.

MEGRA, a Lascivious Lady.

and old Wanton Lady, or croane.

Another Lady attending the Princeesse,

EVERASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page,
and called *Bellarion*.

An old Captaine.

Five Citizens:

A Country fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The Kings Guard and Traine.

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PHILASTER,

OR
Love lies a BLEEDING.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont and Thrasiline.

Cleremont.

Here's nor Lords, nor Ladyes.

Dion. Credit mee Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King, to attend here : Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desire to attend and heare.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause ?

Di. Sir, it is plaine about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdomes Heire, and be our Sovereigne.

Tra. Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she lockes not on him like a maide in love.

Di. O sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake that they would have. But the Prince, before his owne approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enjoy both these Kingdomes of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

Philaster.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour, for him to enjoy both these Kingdomes, with safetic, the right Heire to one of them living, and living so vertuously : especially, the people admiring the bravery of his minde, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes, whose father we all know, was by our late king of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitfull *Cicilie*. My selfe drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand, to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let mee know, why (*Philaster* being Heire to one of these Kingdomes) the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free libertie.

Di. Sir, it seemes your nature is more constant, then to enquire after State newes. But the King. (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cicilie* and his owne, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the Citie was in armes, not to be charm'd downe by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their armes from them; some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a forraigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

Enter *Gallatea*, *Megra*, and a Lady.

Tra. See, the Ladyes, what's the first?

Dio. A wise and modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princessse,

Cle. The second?

Dio. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Di. Marry I thinke she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: She'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall breake: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed, has destroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common wealth.

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Cle. She's a profitable member,

La. Peace, if you love mee : you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay let her alone ; what if they should ? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad : what Forraigner would doe so ? it writes them directly unravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her goe on ; what if they be ? Why if they be, I will justifie, they cannot maintaine discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor lay excuse.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha.

La. Doe you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you Ladies :

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neere you then Lady.

La. Neere mee perhaps : But there's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinks he's not so strange, hee would quickly beacquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King,

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa ; and traine.

King. To give a stranger testimony of love,
Then sickly promises (which commonly
In Princes finde both birth and buriall)
In one breath, wee have drawne you worthy sir,
To make your faire indearements to our daughter;
And worthy services knowne to your Subjects :
Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediat Heire.
Both to our Blood and Kingdomes. For this Lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
And I beleeve) though her few yeares and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
Onely of What her selfe, is to her selfe,

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Make her feele moderate health : And when she sleepes,
 I making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
 Thinke not (deare sir) these undivided parts,
 That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
 To speaks her perfect love to you, or adde
 An Artificiall shadow to her nature :
 No sir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
 No Woman. But woe her still, and thinke her modesty,
 A sweeter mistresse then the offer'd Language
 Of any Dame, were shee a Queene whose eye
 Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
 Last, noble sonne, (for so I now must call you)
 What I have done thus publike, is not onely
 To adde a comfort in particular,
 To you or mee, but all ; and to confirme
 The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdomes,
 By oath to your succession, which shall be
 Within this moneth at most.

Tra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When tis at best, twill be but halfe done,

Whilst so brave a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Tra. I feare.

Cle. Who does not ?

Di. I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare too:

Well, wee shall see, we shall see : no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand (mistresse) I take leave,

To thanke your royall father : And thus farre,

To be my owne free Trumpet. Understand

Great King, and the e your subjects, mine that must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,

And so deserving I dare speake my selfe)

To what a person, of what eminence,

Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdomes ;

You in me have your wishes, Oh this Countrey,

(By more then all my hopes I hold it happy,

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Happy, in their deare memories, that have beene
 Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe
 Your noble name from eating age) doe I,
 Open my selfe most happy. Gentlemen,
 Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equall to be commanded, and obey'd;
 But through the travels of my life I'll finde it,
 And tye it to this Countrey. And I vow,
 My reigne shall be so easie to the subject,
 That every man shall be his Prince himselfe,
 And his owne law: yet I his Prince and law,
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest selfe,
 (Deare, in the choise of him, whose name and lustre
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
 You are the blessed't living; for sweet Princeesse,
 You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
 Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
 Great Queens must die.

Tra. Miraculous.

Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
 a large inventory of his owne commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll sell himselfe
 he has so prais'd his shape: But here comes one, more worthy those
 large speeches, then the large speaker of them; let me be swallowed
 quick, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one
 new sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By
 this Sunne, hee'll ne're make King, unlesse it be for trifles, in my
 poore judgement.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience
 And with a hart as loyall as my knee,
 I beg your favour.

K. Rise, you have it sir.

B

Di;

Di. Marke but the King how pale hee looks with feare,
Oh, this same whoreson Conscience, how it jades us!

K. Speake your intents sir.

Phi. Shall I speake un freely?

Be still my royall Sovereaigne. *K.* As a subject,

We give you freedome.

Di. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turne

My language to you Prince, you forraigne man;

Ne're stare, nor put on wonder, for you must

Indure mee, and you shall. This earth you tread upon.

(A dowry as you hope with this faire Princeesse,

Whose memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)

To your inheritance, and I up, and living,

Having my selfe about me and my sword,

The soules of all my name, and memories;

These armes, and some few friends, beside the gods,

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

And say I might have have beene. I tell thee Pharamond,

When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,

And my name ashes, For, heare me Pharamond,

This very ground thou goest on: this fat earth,

My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow

Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,

Into her hidden bowells: Prince, it shall;

By Nemesis it shall.

Phi. He's mad beyond cure, mad.

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's vaines;

The outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer,

Phi. Sir Prince of Poppinjays, I'll make it well appeare

To you I am not mad. *K.* You displease us.

You are too bold.

Phi. No sir, I am too tame;

Too much a Turtle, a thing borne without passion,

A faint shadow, that every drunken clow'd sailes over,

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And makes nothing.**K.** I doe not fancie this,
Call our Physitions : sure he is somewhat tainted.**Tra.** I doe not thinke twill proove so.**Di.** Has given him agenerall purge already, for all the right hee
has, and now hee meanes to let him blood : Be constant Gentlemen,
by these hilts I'le runne his hazard, although I run my name out of
the Kingdome. **Cle.** Peace, we are one soule.**Pha.** What you have seene in me ; to stirre offence,
I cannot find, unlesse it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my armes, with the succession,
Which I must keepe though it hath pleas'd your fury
To muteny within you ; without disputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledgeWhose branch you are. The King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine ; you have your answer.**Phi.** If thou were sole inheritor to him.
That made the world his ; and couldst see no sunne
Shine upon any thing but thine : were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feele him cold,
And ring'd amongst the choycest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talke such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations.
And from this presence : Spight of all these bugs,
You should heare further from me.**K.** Sir, you wrong the Prince :
I gave you not this freedome, to brave our best friends ;
You deserve our frowne : Goe to, be better temper'd.**Phi.** It must be sir, when I am nobler us'd.**Gal.** Ladies,
This would have beene a patterne of succession,
Had he ne're met this mischiefe. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man.
This day, within my knowledge.**Meg.** I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in my eye ;Oh tis a prince of wax. **Gal.** A dog it is.**K.** *Philaster*, tell me,

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The injuries you aime at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes fir, and sufferance,
My griefes upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now nought but hopes, and feares,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be still my King, and right me not?

K. Gve me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them;

And ease me of a load, would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, ther's danger in't. Every man in this
age, has not a soule of Christall, for all men to read their actions
through: mens hearts and faces are so farre asunder, that they hold
no intelligence. Doe but view yon stranger well, and you shall see
a feaver through all his bravery, and seele him shake like a true te-
nant; if he givenot back his Crowne againe, upon the report of an
Elder Gun, I have no augury. *K.* Goe to:

Be more your selfe, as you respect our favour:
You'l stirre us else; Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are, and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion wee
Will put upon you: smooth your brow, or by the gods.

Phi. I am dead sir, y'are my Fate: it was not I
Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about mee,
My weake starres lead mee too; all my weake fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speake (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortall) tell mee
I doe not most intinely love this Prince,
And honour his full vertues.

Phi. Yes, with my fathers spirit: It's here, *O King*,
A dangerous spirit: now he tells mee King,
I was a Kings Heire, bids mee be a King,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects,
Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapers,
That kneele, and doe me service, cry me Kings:
But I'll suppress him, he's a fawning spirit,
And will undoe mee: noble sir, your hand,

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I am your servant.

K. Away, I doe not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossesse you
Both of life and spirit: for this time
I pardon your wilde speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

Exit K. Pba. Are.

Di. I thanke you sir, you dare not for the people.

Gall. Ladies, what thinke you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon stranger, is he not a fine compleat Gentleman? O these strangers, I doe affect them strangely: they doe the rarest home things, and please the fullest! as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride comfort your poore head-peece Lady, tis a weake one' and had need of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous traine
Did he give fire to? How hee shooke the King,
Made his soule melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay: it stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew. **Phi.** Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no Minion:
You stand (me thinks) like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undoe your children: y'are all honest:
Go get you home againe, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age retire, and live recluse.

Cl. How doe you worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I finde
I may live many yeares;

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrinke not, worthy sir,
But adde your Father to you: In whose name,

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Wee'll

Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point. *Phi.* Friends, no more,
Our yeares may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: doe you love me?

Tra. Doe we love Heaven, and Honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, cald you *father*. *Moffet*,
Is she yet alive?

Di. Most honor'd sir, she is;
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. to you, brave Lord: the Princeesse would intreat
Your present company.

Phi. The Princeesse send for me? y^e are mistaken.

La. If you be cald *Philaster*, tis to you.

Phi. Kisse her hand, and say I will attend her.

Di. Doe you know what you doe?

Phi. Yes, goe to see a woman.

Cle. But doe you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face?

By *Iupiter* I must not feare a woman.

Tra. But are you sure it was the Princeesse sent?

It may be some foule traine to catch your life.

Phi. I doe not thinke it Gentlemen: she's noble,

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those truered

And white friends in her face may steale my soule out:

Ther's all the danger in't: but be what may,

Her single name hath arm'd me. *Di.* Goe on:

And be as truly happy, as th'art fearelesse:

Come Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Least the King prove false. *Exit Gentlemen.*

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*Enter Arethusa, and a Lady.**Are.* Comes hee not?*La.* Madam?*Are.* Will *Philaster* come?*La.* Deare Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?I am forgetfull, and my womans strength
Is so orecharg'd, with dangers like to grow,
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How lookt he, when he told thee hee would come?

La. Why, well.*Are.* And not a little fearefull?*La.* Feare Madam? sure he knowes not what it is.*Are.* You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
May live neglected: and doe noble things,
As fooles in strife throw gold into the Sea,
Drown'd in the doing: but I know hee feares*La.* Feare? Nadam (me thought) his lookes hid more
Of love then feare.*Are.* Of love? To whom? To you?
Did you deliver those plaine words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick looke
That you have caught him?*La.* Madam, I meane to you.*Are.* Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why shee did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knowes she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowle of blood
Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?*La.* Madam, I thinke I heare him.*Are.*

Are. Bring him in:

You Gods that would not have your doomes with hood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid,
The way unto your Justice; I obey.

La. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Enter Phi.

Are. Oh 'tis well:

Withdraw your selfe.

Phi. Madam, your Messenger

Made me beleeve, you wish'd to speake with me.

Are. Tis true Philaster; but the words are such,
I have to say, and doe so ill beseme
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your vertues?

Phi. Never Madam you

Are. Why then should you in such a publike place,
Injure a Princesse, and a scandall lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great:
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be
Foolish: but for your faire and vertuous selfe,
I could afford my selfe to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know
I must enj: y these Kingdomes.

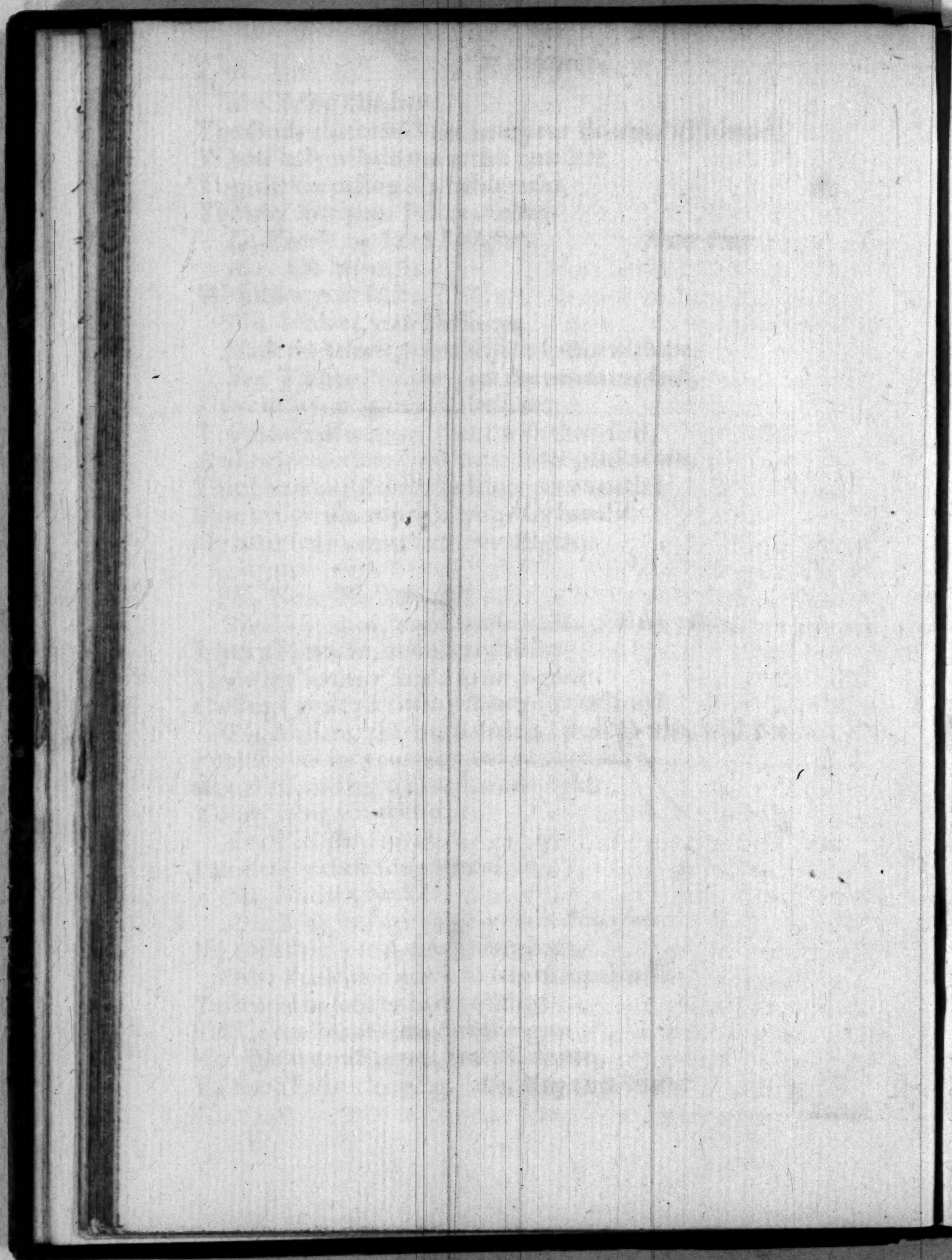
Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I dye: by Fate I die Philaster.
If I not calmedly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would doe much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories: that Philaster gave
His right unto a Scepter, and a Crowne,
To save a Ladyes longing.

Are. Nay then heare:

I must



Philaster.

I must, and will have them and more.

Phi. What more?

Are. Or loose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turne then away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Doe.

Phi. I cannot indure it: turne away my face?

I never yet saw enemy that lookt
So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe
As great a Basiliske as hee; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor beast that I could turne from: shall I then
Begin to feare sweet sounds? a Ladies voyce,
Whom I doe love? Say you would have my life,
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me,
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask,
Of so poore use, that I shall make no price,
If you intreate, I will unmov'dly heare.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy lookes.

Phi. I doe.

Are. Then know I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in. *Phi.* Ist possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breath doe strike me dead
(Which know it may) I have unript my brest.

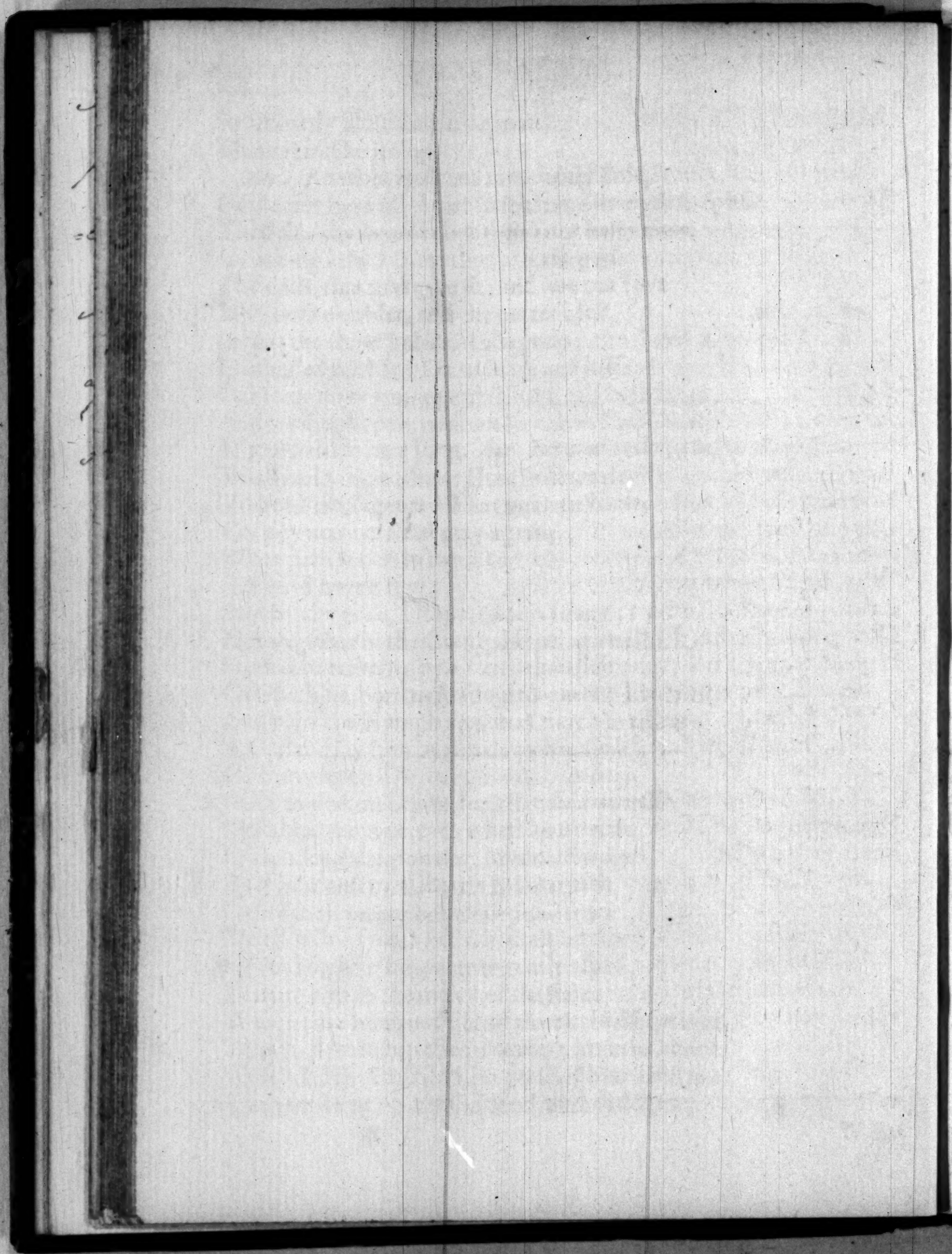
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a traine for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you,
By all my hopes I doe, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you,

So violently would amaze a man,
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soule into my body shon;
Could not have fill'd mee with more strength & spirit;
Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods.
The gods, that make me so; and sure our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it. *Phi.* I will be still
I should abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true: and worse
You should come often: How shall we devise
To hold intelligence? That our true loves,
On any new occasion may agree;
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet scene in the Court, Hunting the Buck,
I found him sitting by a fountaines side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the Nymph againe as much in teares;
A Garland lay him by, made by himselfe,
Of many severall flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mistick order, that the rarest
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon um, he would weep,
As if he meant to make um grow againe.
Seeing such pretty helpelesse innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields;
Which gave him roots; & of the christall springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the Sunne,
Which still, he thank'd him yeelded him his light.
Then tooke he up his Garland, and did shew,

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Philaster.

35

What every flower as Countrey people hold,
Did signifie : and how all ordered thus,
Exprest his griefe : and to my thoughts did read
The pretiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
That could be wisht : so that, me thought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow ; and have got
The trustiest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept : Him will I send
To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

Enter *Lady*.

Are. Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to doe his service.

Are. What will you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Deare, hide thy selfe :

Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond* ?
When Thunder speakes, which is the voyce of Love,
Though I doe reverence, yet I hide me not ;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a forraigne Nation, that he made
Philaster hide himselfe ?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleepe for ever to the world,
It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then good *Philaster* give him scope and way
In what he sayes : for he is apt to speake,
What you are loath to heare : for my sake do. *Phi.* I will.

Enter *Pharamond*.

Pha. My Princely Mistresse, as true lovers ought,
I come to kisse these faire hands ; and to shew
In outward ceremonies, the deare love
Writ in my heart. *Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer ?

Are. To his claime unto the Kingdome.

Pha. Sirra, I forbear you before the King.

Phi. Good sir doe so still, I would not talke with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdome,
Though it be scarce habitable.

Phi. Good sir let me goe.

Pha. And by my sword,

Phi. Peace Pharamond: if thou—

Are. Leave us *Philaster*.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know Pharamond,

Floath to brawle with such a blast as thou,

Who art nought but a valiant voyce: But if

Thou shalt provoke me further: men shall say,

Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Doe you flight.

My greatnesse so? and in the chamber of the Princesse?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confesse,

I owe a reverence: but wer't the Church;

I at the Altar, ther's no place so safe,

Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee;

And for your greatnesse; know sir, I can graspe

You, and your greatnesse, thus, thus into nothing:

Give not a word, not a word back: Farewell. *Exit Phi.*

Pha. Tis an odd fellow Madam, wee must stop

His mouth wth some office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controuler.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,

I hope our hearts are knit, and yet so slow

The ceremonies of State are, that will be long

Before our hands be so: If then you please

Being agreed in heart, let us not waite

For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne

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Philaster.

17

Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come :

Are. If you dare speake such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour.

Exit Are.

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the
wedding ; I must seeke else-where.

*Exit Pha**Actus 2. Scena 1.*

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable boy ;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine owne modesty ; and for my sake,
Apt to give, then thou wilt be to aske,
I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;
And onely yet am something, by being yours ;
You trusted me unknown, & that which you were apt,
To conster, a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have beene craft ; the cunning of a boy
Hardned in lies and theft ; yet venter'd you,
To part my miseries and me ; For which,
I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That beares more honour in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee ; thou art young,
And bearest a childish overflowing love,
To them that clap thy cheeks, & speake thee faire yet,
But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those carefull friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life ;
She is a Princessse I preferre thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seene the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty ; I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept,
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till they were growne too sawcy for himsele.

C. 3.

Phi.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Abel. Sir, if I have made

A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth,
I shall be willing, if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my minde,
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilfull fault, thinke me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To breake my stubbornnesse, if it be so,
Rather then turne me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust mee) I could weepe to part with thee.

Alas, I doe not turne thee off; thou knowest

It is my businesse that doeth call thee hence,

And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:

Thinke so, and tis so; and when time is fully

That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,

Laid on so weake a one: I will againe

With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;

Nay, weepe not, gentle boy; 'Tis more then time

Thou didst attend the Princeesse.

Abel. I am gone;

But since I am to part with you my Lord,

And none knowes whether I shall live to doe

More service for you; take this little prayer;

Heaven blesse your loves, your fights, all your designes.

May sick men, if they have your wish, be well:

And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one. *Exit.*

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords, is strange,

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy,

For my sake (if a man may judge by looks,

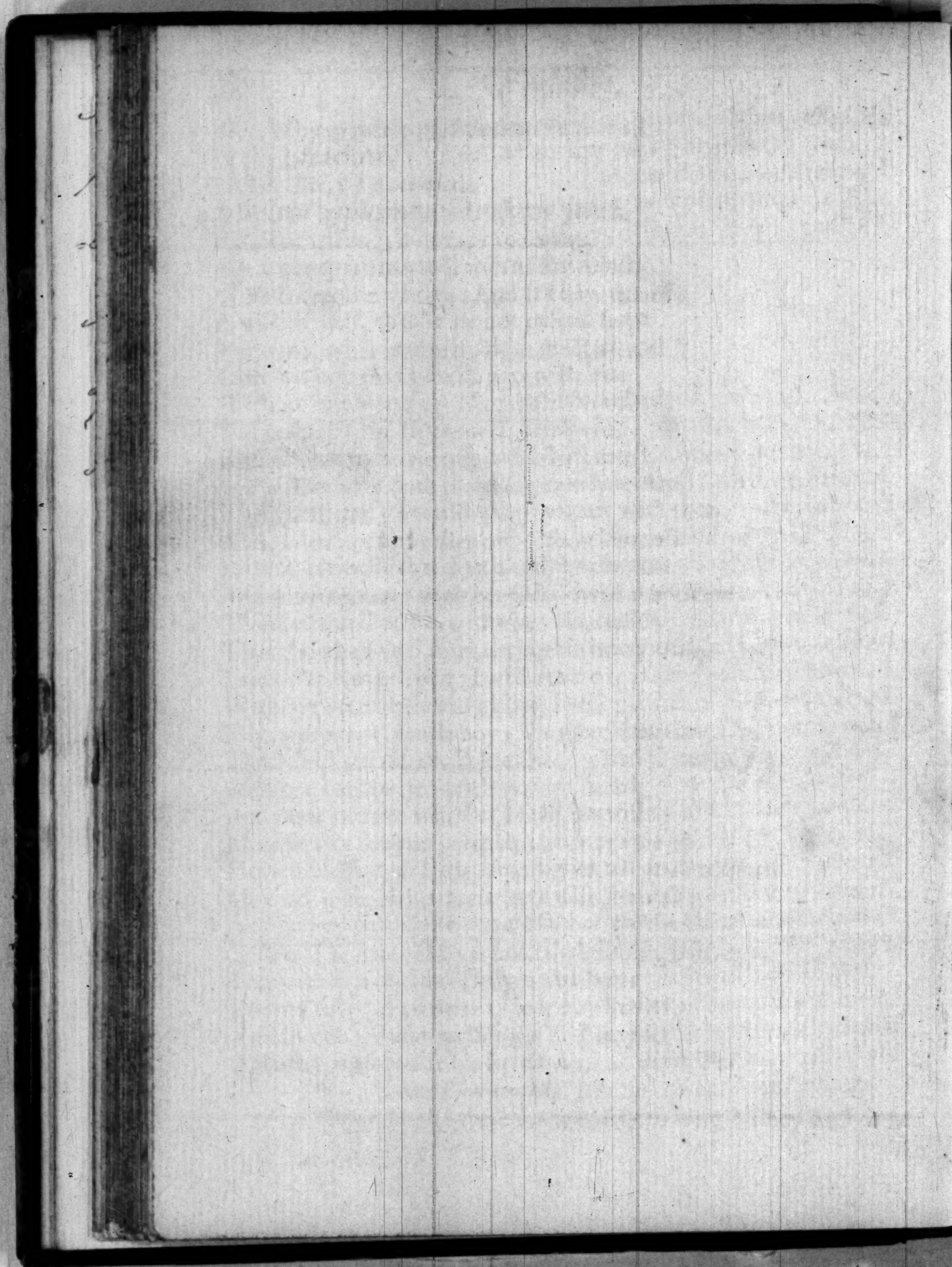
And speech) would out doe story: I may see

A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come
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this way ; I know the Queene imployes him not, for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all bee for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a faire taking ; I was never so long without sport in my life, & in my conscience tis not my fault: Oh, for our countrey Ladies. Heere's one boulded, I'll bound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your graee.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick ; by this sweet hand.

Gal. You'll bee forsworne sir, tis but an old glove. If you will talke at distance, I am for you: but good prince be not bawdy, nor doe not brag ; these two I barre. and then I thinke, I shall have sence enough, to answer all the waighty *Apothegmes*, your royall blood shall manage.

Pha. Deare Lady can you love?

Gal. Deare Prince how deare ? I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet ; Heere's no Scarlet sir, to blush the sinne out, it was given for : This wyer mine owne haire covers ; and this face has beene so farre from being deare to any, that it ne're cost penny painting : And for the rest of my poore Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me Lady.

Gal. Lord, I doe so ; would you, or I could helpe it.

Pha. Doe Ladies of this Countrey, use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full Being? I understand you not, unlesse your grace meanes growing to fatnesse ; and then your onely remedy (upon my knowledge prince) is, in a morning a cup of neate White wine, brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper ; about eight you may eat ; use exercise, and keepe a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller ; But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke, Conger, and clarified whay ; They are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

Pha. Lady you talke of nothing, all this while.

Gal. Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, twill be rare to

stirre

stirre up a leaden appetite; she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more, then —

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live, tis faire gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; But if you have present use my Lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keepe your gold for you. *Pha.* Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's comming sir behind, will take white mony. Yet for all this I'll match yee. *Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*

B. ha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, and neere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes; ten such *Champhier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for every ill fact husband, to get his owne children; and what a mischiefe that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another; if she be of the same last, the divell shall pluck her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes, Faire, sweet, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. Shee gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free; If your more serious businesse doe not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, wee'll talke an houre Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your grace talke of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your selfe: I'll goe no further then your eye, or lip; There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough, Or my glasse wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twind cherries died in blushes, Which those faire sins above, with their bright beams Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty, Bow downe those branches, that the longing taste, Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings, and taste and live. *Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince;

Shee that hath snow enough about her heart, To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,

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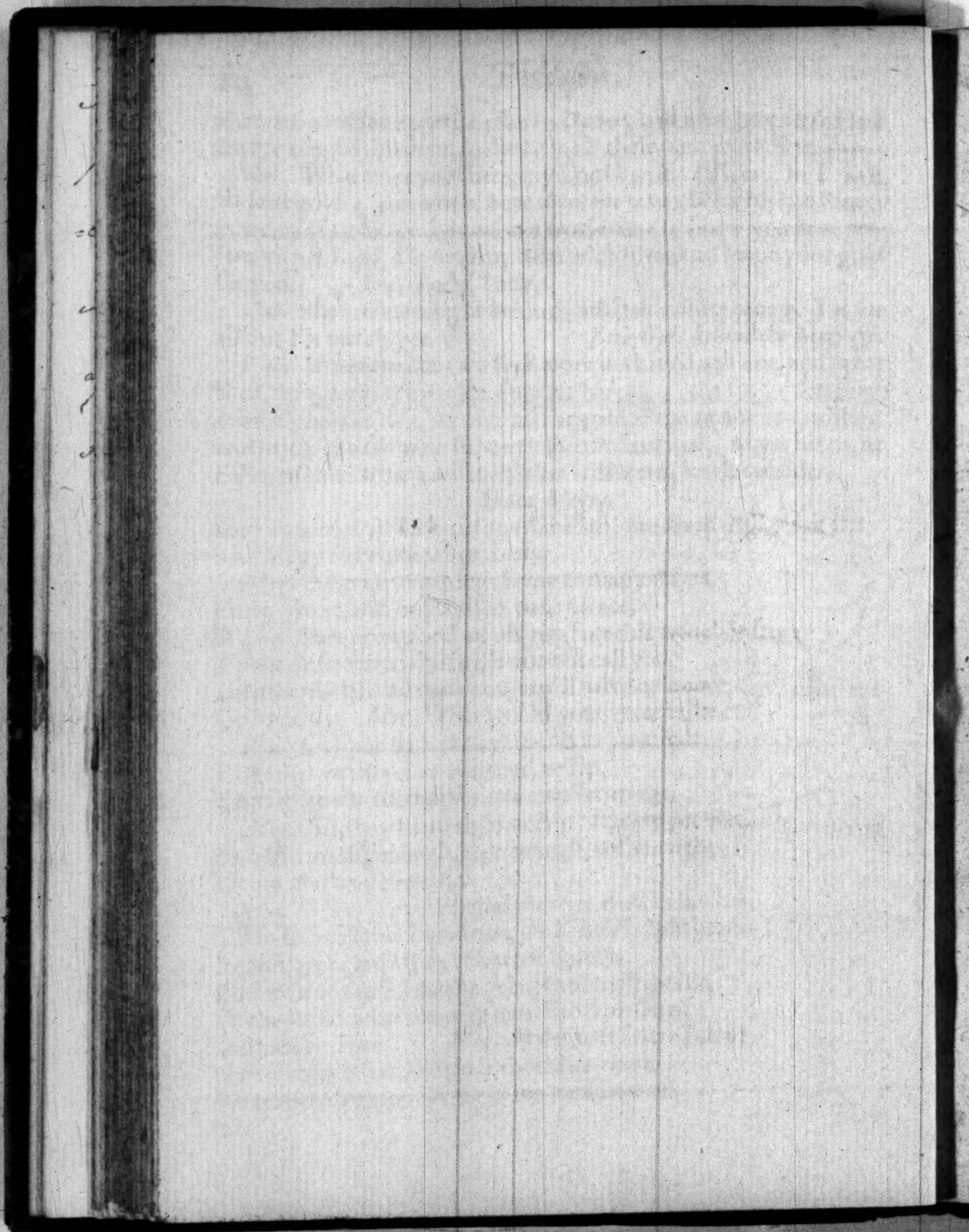
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Philaster.

21

May be a Nunne without probation.
Sir you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kisse,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blankes : I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot nisse it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life you shall not.

I'll prompt you first : Can you doe it now ?

Meg. Me thinkes tis easie, now I ha don't before ;
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to morrow,
I'll ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time ;
Can you love me ?

Meg. Love you my Lord ? How would you have me love you ?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your
memory, this is all : love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said ? Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour ; if I doe not
teach you to doe it as easly in one night, as you'l goe to bed : I'll
loose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants
teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her a-
ny thing belonging to the function; she's afraid to lye with her selfe,
if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when
wee are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foule fault indeed, but time and
your good helpe will weare it out fir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest
Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the Schoolemaster, and leape a dayry
Maid.

Meg. Has your Grace seene the Court-starre, *Galatea* ?

Pha. Out upon her ; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex ;
she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how doe you hold her wit fir ?

Pha. I hold her wit ? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold
it if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the Kingdome,

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They talke of *Iupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her: Looke well about you, and you may find a tongue bolt. But ſpeake ſweet Lady, ſhall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you miſtruſt my faith, you doe me the un-nobleſt wrong. *Meg.* I dare not prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your owne conditions, my purſe ſhall ſeale um, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furniſh you withall: give two houres to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are baſhfull, ſpeake in my eare, will you be mine? keepe this, and with it me; ſoone I will viſit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's moſt unſafe, but when tis night, I'll finde ſome meanes to ſlippe into your lodging: till when —

Pha. Till when, this, & my heart go with thee. *Ex. ſeveral wayes.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernitiouſ petticoate prince, are theſe your virtues? Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your ſport up, I am no woman; and Lady Towſabell I'll hit you for't. *Exit Gal.*

Enter Arethufa and a Lady.

Arc. Where's the boy?

La. Within Madam.

Arc. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did.

Arc. And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam.

Arc. Tis a pretty ſad talking boy, is it not?

Asked you his name?

La. No Madam.

Enter Galatea.

Arc. O you are welcome, what good newes?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That ſayes ſhe has done that, you would have wiſh'd.

Arc. Haſt thou diſcovered?

Gal. I have ſtrained a point of modeſty for you.

Arc. I prece thee how?

Gal. In liſtning after bawdery; I ſee, let a Lady live never ſo modeſtly, ſhee ſhall be ſure to finde a lawfull time, to harken after bawdery; your prince, brave *Pharamond*, was ſo hot on't.

Arc. With whom?

Gal.

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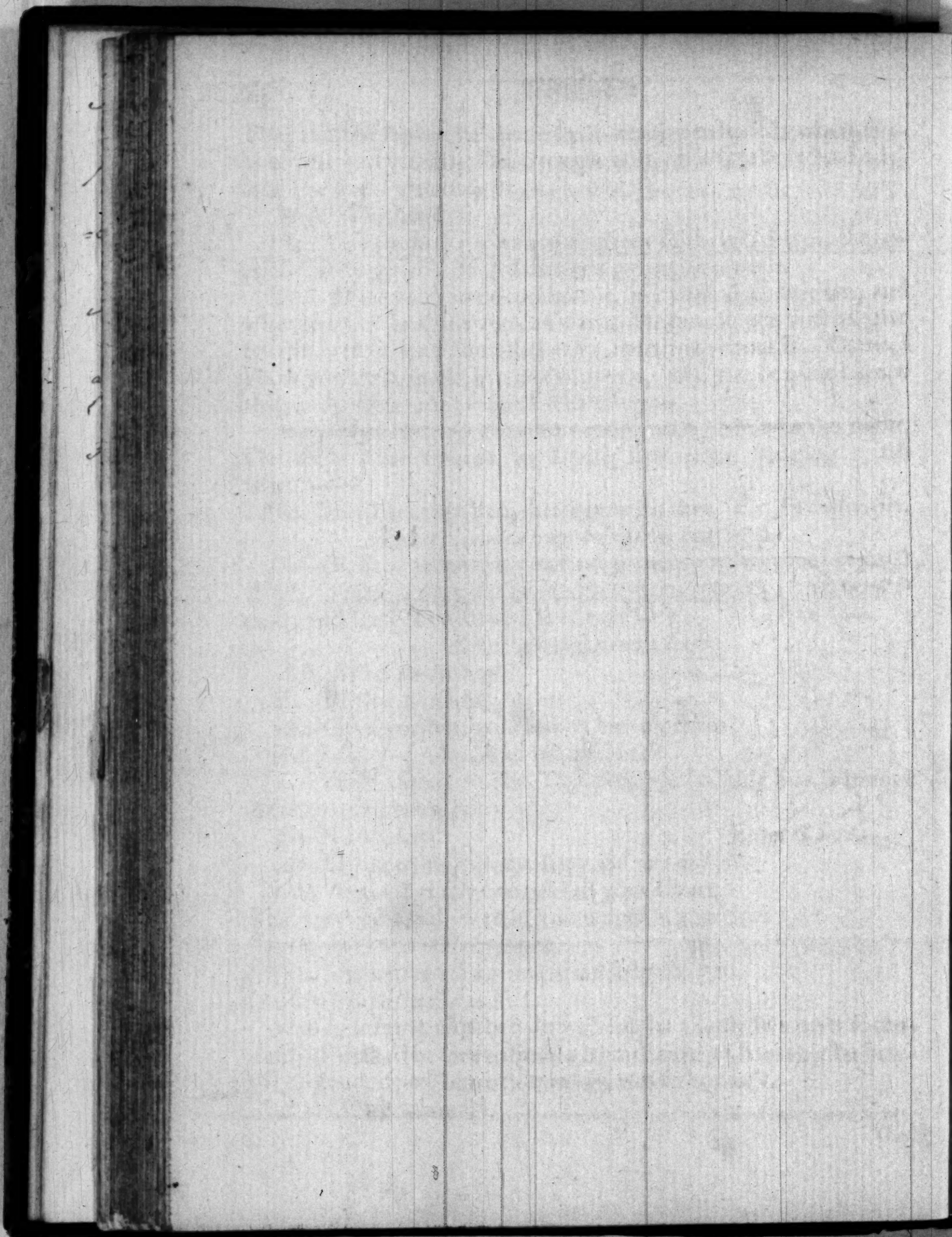
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Philaster.

23

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspect : I can tell the time and place,

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy selfe into the presence, mingle there againe
With other Ladies, leave the rest to me :

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,

Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,

In lasting leaves (whose smallest Carracters

Was never altered ;) yet, this match shall breake.

Wher's the boy ;

Enter Bellario

La. Here Madam.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, ist not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd ; I wayte on you,

To doe him service, *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in mee,

Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bel. If griefe will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of griefe can thy yeares know?

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentst to schoole?

Thou art not capable of other griefe;

Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be,

When no breath troubles them : beleeve me boy,

Care seekes out wrinkled browes, and hollow eyes,

And builds himselfe caves to abide in them.

Come sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bel. Love Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know griefe, & never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceiv'd boy ; does he speak of me

As if he with'd me well?

Bel. If it be love,

To forget all respect of his owne friends,

In thinking of your face ; if it be love

To sit crosse arm'd and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily, as men i' the streets doe fire :

If it be love to weepe himselfe away,

When he but heares of any Lady dead,

Or kil'd, because it might have been your chance,
 If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
 Twixt every prayer hee sayes, to name you once
 As others drop a bead; be to be in love;
 Then Madam, I dare sweare he loves you.

Are. O y' are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
 For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie
 That beares this sound, is welcomer to me,
 Then any truth that sayes he loves me not.
 Lead the way boy: Doe you attend mee too;
 Tis thy Lords businesse hastes me thus; A way.

Enter Dion, Clevermont, Trasilin, Megra, Galatea.

Di. Come Ladies, shall wee talke a round? As men
 Doe walke a mile, women should talke an houre
 After supper: Tis their exercise.

Gal. Tis late:

Meg. Tis all,

My eyes will doe to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I feare they are so heavy, you le scarce finde
 The way to your lodging with um to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Tra. The prince,

Pha. Not a bed, Ladies y' are good fitters up;

What thinke you of a pleasant dreame to last
 Till morning?

Meg. I should choose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. Tis well my Lord; y' are courting of Ladies;
 Ist not late Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes Madam,

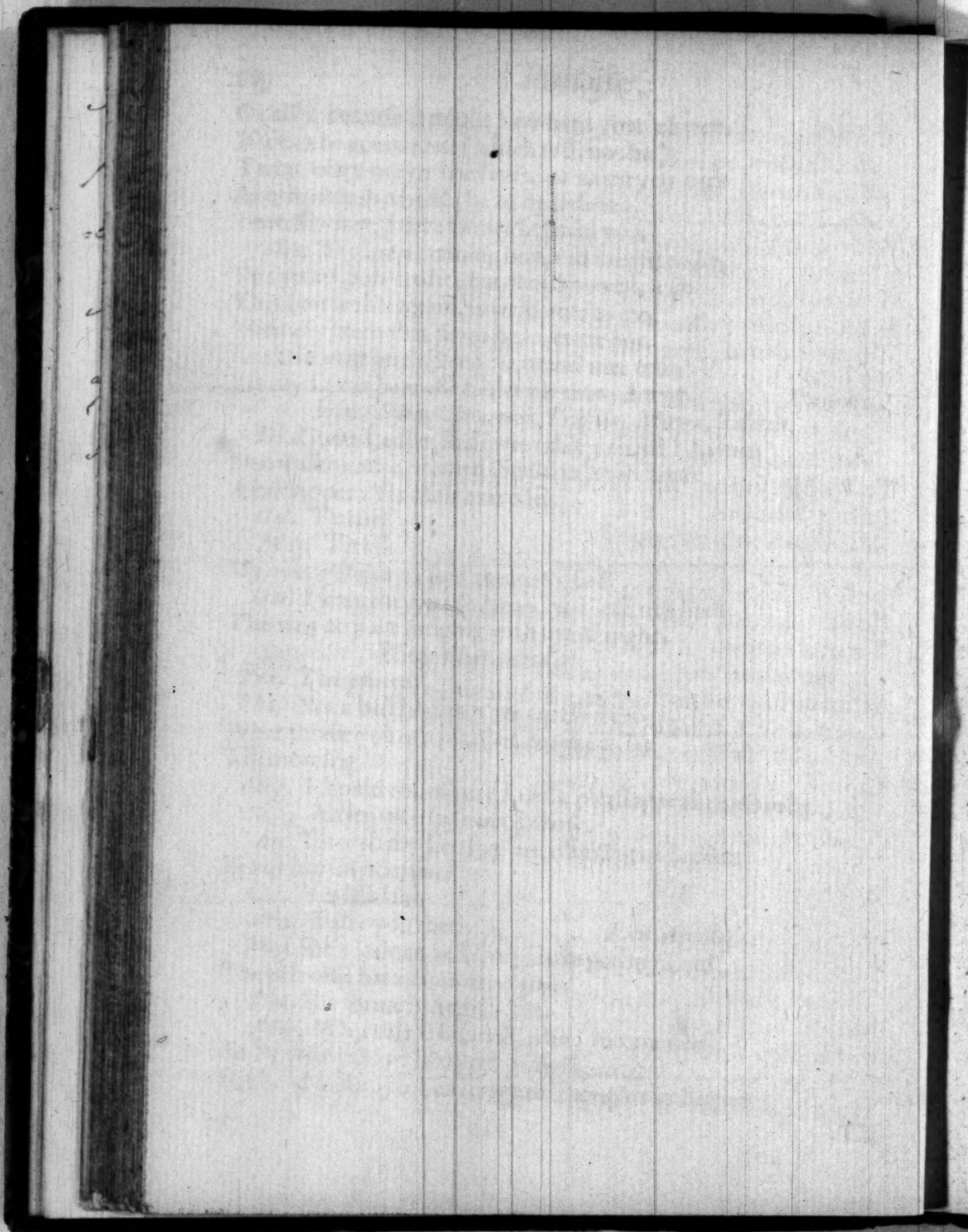
Are. Waite you there.

Exit Arethusa.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; looke you my Lord,
 The princeesse has a *Hilas* an *Adonis*.

Pha. His forme is Angell-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
 Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
 His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in sleeper.



The princeſſe does provide him for you, and for her ſelfe.

Pha. I finde no muſique in theſe boyes.

Meg. Nor I.

They can doe little, and that ſmall they doe,

They have not wit to hide.

Di. Serves he the princeſſe?

Tra. Yes.

Di. Tis a ſweet boy, how brave ſhee keeps him?

Pha. Ladies all good reſt; I meane to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, ere y^e have done your dreames.

Meg. All happineſſe attend your Grace; Gentlemen good reſt,
Come ſhall we to bed?

Gal. Yes, all good night. *Exit Gall. Meg.*

Di. May your dreames be true to you;
What ſhall we doe Gallants? Tis late, the King
Is up ſtill, ſee he comes, a Guard a long
With him. *Enter King, Arethuſa, and Guard.*

K. Looke your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I doe hope,
Your highneſſe will not tye me to a man,
That in the heat of woing throwes me off,
And takes another. *Di.* What ſhould this meane?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had beene better have embrac'd
Cureleſſe diſeaſes; get you to your reſt, *Ex. Are. Bel.*
You ſhall be righted. Gentlemen draw neere,
Wee ſhall imploy you; Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his lodging?

Di. I ſaw him enter there.

K. Haſt ſome of you, and cunningly diſcover,
If *Megara* be in her lodging. *Cle.* Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If ſhe be there, wee ſhall not need to make
A vaine diſcovery of our ſuſpition,
You gods I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds wealth, or ſtate from others, ſhall bee curſt,
In that, which meaner men are bleſt withall:

Ages to come, shall know no male of him
 Lett to inherit : and his name shall be
 Blotted from earth ; If he have any child,
 It shall be crossely match d : the gods themselves
 Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her.
 Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the unne
 I have committed, let it not fall
 Upon this understanding child of mine
 She has not broke your Lawes ; but how can I,
 Looke to be heard of gods, that must be just,
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter *Dion.*

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women sweare she is within, but
 they I thinke are bawdes ; I told um I must speake with her : they
 laught, and said their Lady lay speechlesse. I said, my businesse was
 important, they said their Lady was about it : I grew hot, and cry-
 ed, my businesse was a matter, that concern'd life and death ; they
 answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was ; I urg'd againe,
 she had scarce time to be so, since last I saw her ; they smild againe,
 and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying
 downe and winking : Answers more direct I could not get : in short
 sir I thinke she is not there.

K. Tis then no time to dally : you o'th Guard,
 Waite at the back dore of the princes lodging,
 And see that none passe thence upon your lives.
 Knock Gentlemen : knock loud : lowder yet :
 What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
 I'll breake your meditations : knock againe :
 Not yet ? I doe not thinke he sleepes ; having this
 Larum by him ; once more, *Pharamond*, prince.

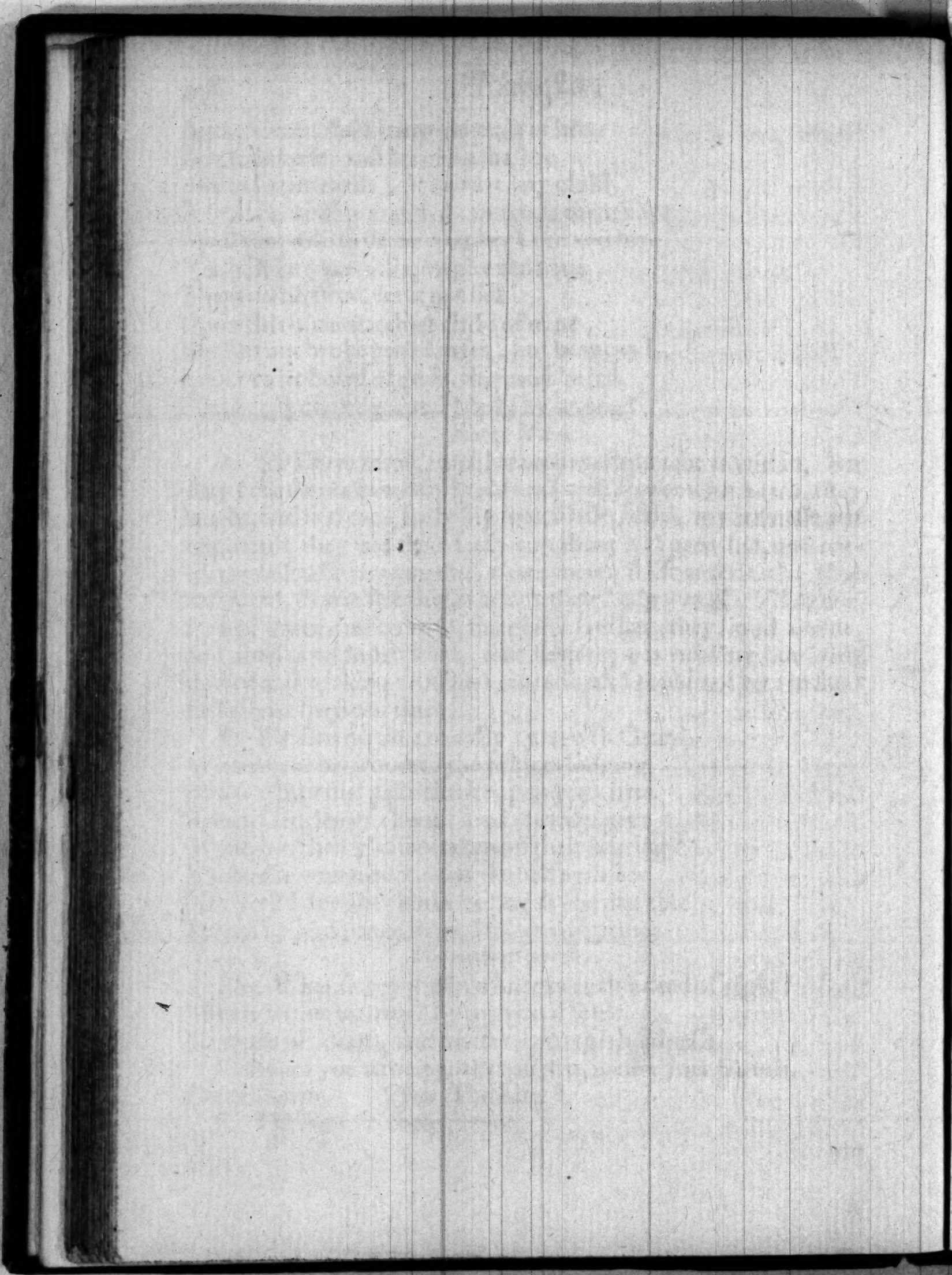
Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?
 Where be our waiters ? By my vexed soule,
 He meets his death, that meets me for this boldnesse.

K. Prince you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,
 Come downe. *Pha.* The King ?

K. The same sir, come downe.

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Philaster.

27

we have cause of present counsell with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your Chamber. *Pha. below.*

K. No, tis too late prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to my selfe,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;
Nay presse not forward Gentlemen, he must come
Through my life, that comes here. *Enter.*

K. Sir, be resolv'd I must and will come;

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd;
He that enters, enters upon his death;
Sir, t's a signe you make no stranger of mee,
To bring these renegados to my chamber.
At these unleson'd houres. *K.* Why doe you

Chafe your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be;
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To our selfe knowne: *Enter I say.*

Pha. I say no. *Meg. above.*

Meg. Let um enter prince,
Let um enter, I am up, and ready; I know their businesse,
Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let um enjoy it.
You have your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you.
To make publike the weakenes of a woman. *K.* Come downe.

Meg. I dare my Lord; your whootings, and your clamors,
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soule, then this base carriage,
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment. *K.* will you come downe?

Meg. Yes to laugh at your worst: but I shall wring you,
If my skill faile me not.

K. Sir, I must dearely chide you for this loosenesse,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed;

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Die

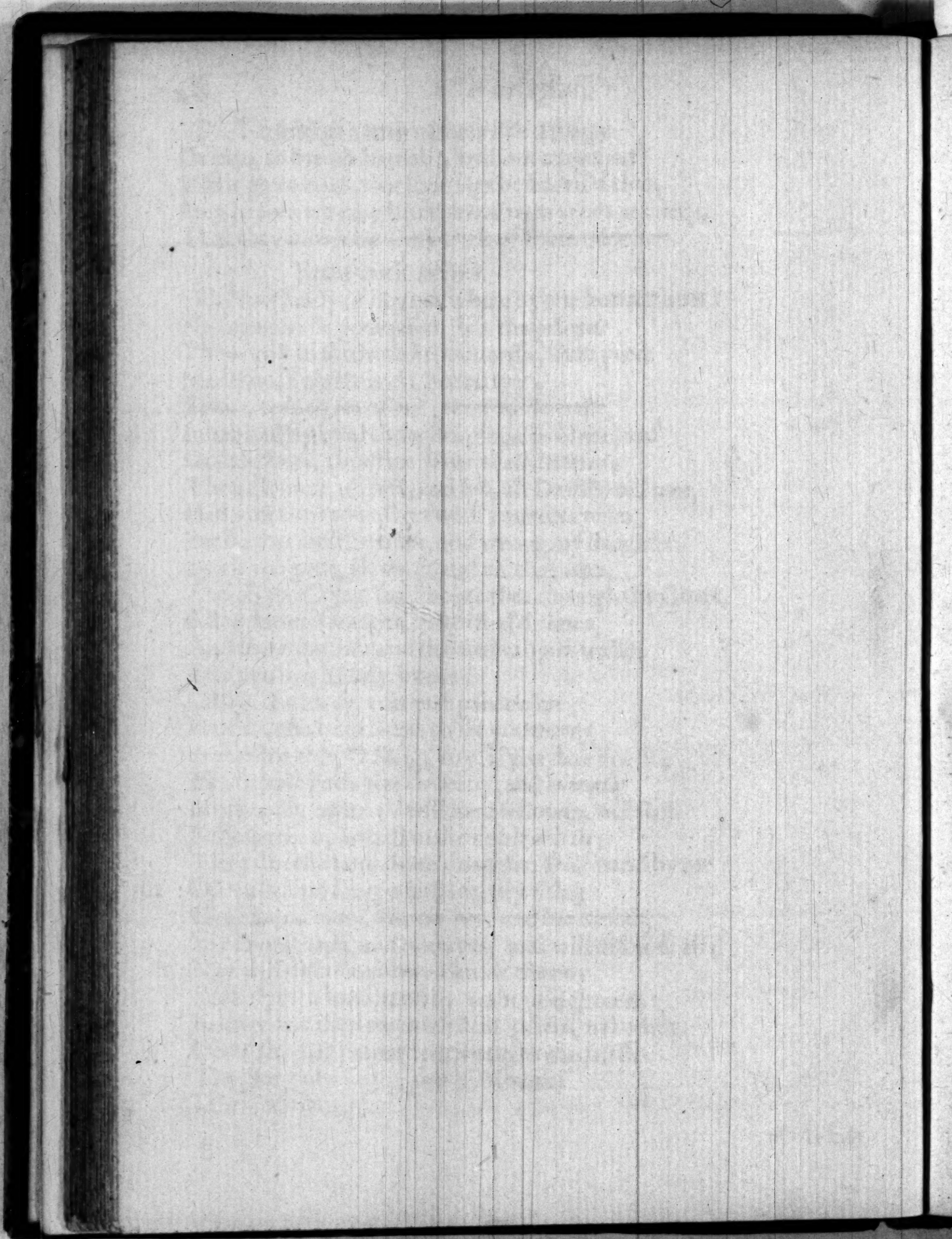
Di. Tis strange a man cannot ride a stagge
Or two, to breath himselfe, without a warrant;
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Enter with *Megra.*

K. Now Lady of honour where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palat, but the prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottenesse; thou peece
Made by a Painter and a Potheary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wildernesse,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swolne cloud
Of Infection; thou ripe Mine of all diseases;
Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Devills, tell mee,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the Court, shall hoot thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'd rimes,
And seare thy name with candles upon walls;
Doe you laugh Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry
If you doe this, O King; nay, if you dare doe it;
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my owne; I will have fellowes, and such
Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth;
The princeesse your deare daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all;
Nay will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keepes, a handsome boy; about eightene:
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse.
The glory of a fury; and if I doe not
Doe it to the hight?

K. What



Philaster.

29

K. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded prince, you know not these things: I am loth to reveale um. Keepe this fault
As you would keep your health from the hot aire
Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
I will not fall alone: what I have knowne,
Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues
Shall speake it as they doe the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'll set it
Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other Kingdomes far and forraigne,
Shall read it there: nay travaile with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your faire princeesse,

K. Has she a boy.

Cle. So please your Grace I have seene a boy waite
On her, a faire boy. *K.* Goe, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Doe you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. *Ex. K. Meg. Guard.*

Cle. Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there bee
nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride a stride, and be their
Captaine.

Di. Sure shee has a garrison of Devills in her tongue, shee ut-
tered such balls of wild-fire. She has so netled the King, that all the
Doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a
strange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that
princeesse boy: that brave chaste, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire
boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing
else—but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, wee'll goe wander with you. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Cle. Di. Tra.

Cle. Nay, doubtlesse tis true,

E

Di.

Di. I, and tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment to scourge the King
With his owne issue : Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land;
For us, that should be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster : prest downe from his royall right;
By this regardlesse King ; and only looke,
And see the Scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that Lascivious Lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to bee
Married to yon strang prince; who, but that people
Please to let him be a prince, is borne a slave,
In that which should be his most noble part :
His minde. *Tra.* That man that would not stirre with you,
To aid *Philaster*, let the gods forget,
That such a creature walkes upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himselfe;
The Gentry doe awaite it ; and the people
Against their nature are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiffe gale ; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cause that drawes *Philaster* back
From this attempt, is the faire princes love;
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he le not beleeeve it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without question so.

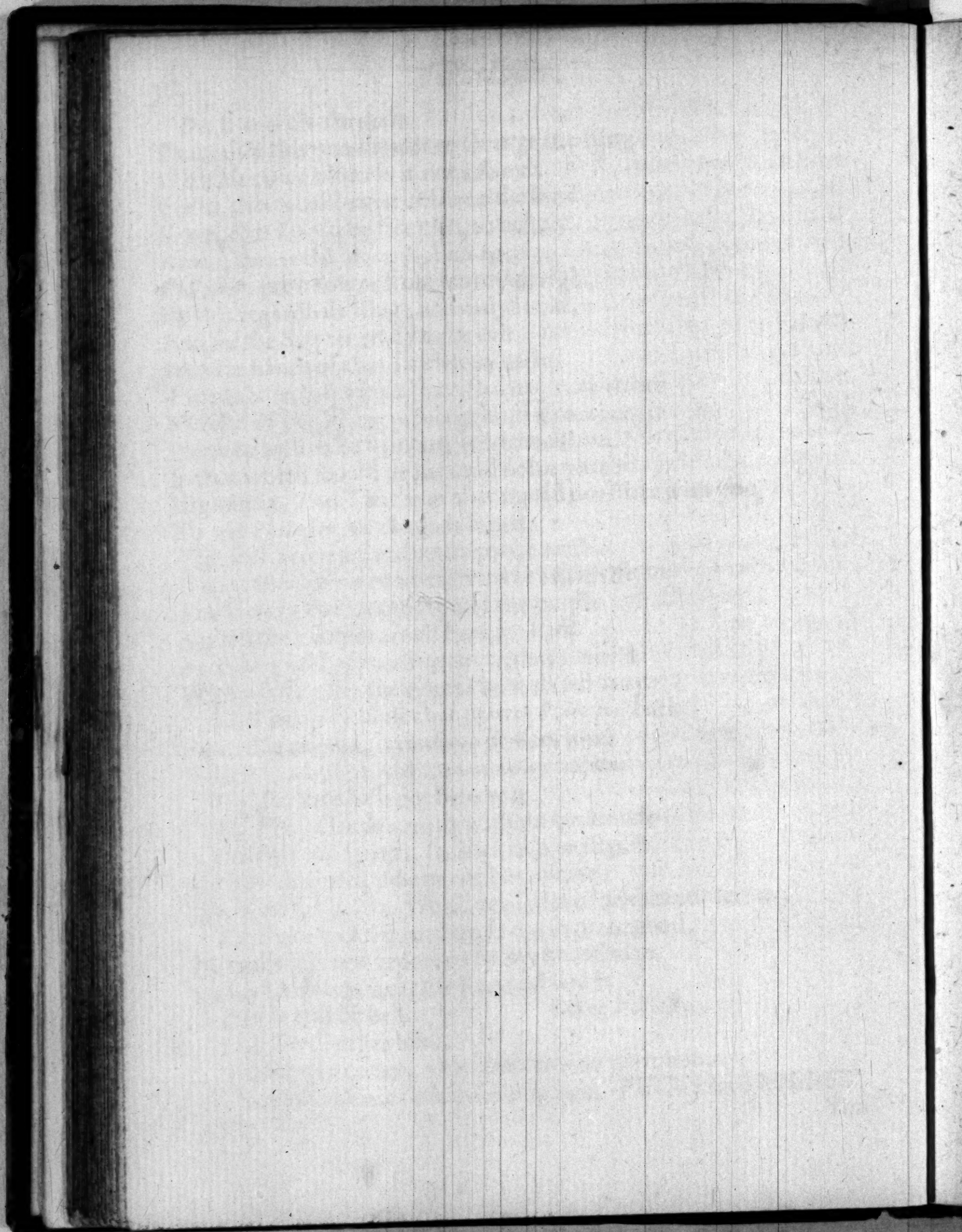
Cle. 'Tis past speech, she lives dishonestly,
But how shall wee, if he be curious, worke :
Upon his faith. *Tra.* We all are satisfied within our selves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,
Ile make this new report to be my knowledge,
Ile say I know it, nay, Ile sweare I saw it.

Cle. It will be best. *Enter Philast.*

Tra. Twill move him.

Di. Here he comes. Good morrow to your honour,
We have spent some time in seeking you. *Phi.* My worthy friends,
You



Philaster.

31

You that can keepe your memories, to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne,
On mendisgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What service may I doe
Worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord,

We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As Vertue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you,
To me that have deserv'd none? Know my friends
(You that were borne to shame your poore *Philaster*,
With too much courtesie) I could afford
To melt my selfe in thanks; but my designes
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long
I shall imploy your loves: but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Di. The time is fuller sir, then you expect;
That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princeesse, whom they lov'd.

Phi. Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as hee.

Phi. By what strange meanes?

Di. She's knowne a whore.

Phi. Thou liest.

Di. My Lord——

Phi. Thou liest. *Offers to draw, and is held.*

And thou shalt feele it; I had thought thy minde
Had beene of honour; thus to roba Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,
Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,
T'will never be redeem'd, if it be sowne

Philaster.

Amongst the people, fruitfull to increase
All evill they shall heare. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falshood, whilst it springs:
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Di. This is most strange;
Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I doe love faint truth:
She is my mistresse, and who injures her;
Drawes vengeance from me. *Sirs,* let goe my armes.

Tra, Nay, good my Lord be patient:
Cl. Sir, remember this is your honour's friend,

That comes to doe his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon for
My zeale to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your backe untruely, I had beene
As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord, is truth.

Phi. O say not so, good sir forbear to say so,
Tis the truth that all woman-kind is false;
Urge it no more, it is impossible;
Why should you thinke the princeesse light?

Di. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. Tis false, O heaven tis false: it cannot be;
Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for love of truth speake
If possible? can women all be dam'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Di. And shee was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy?

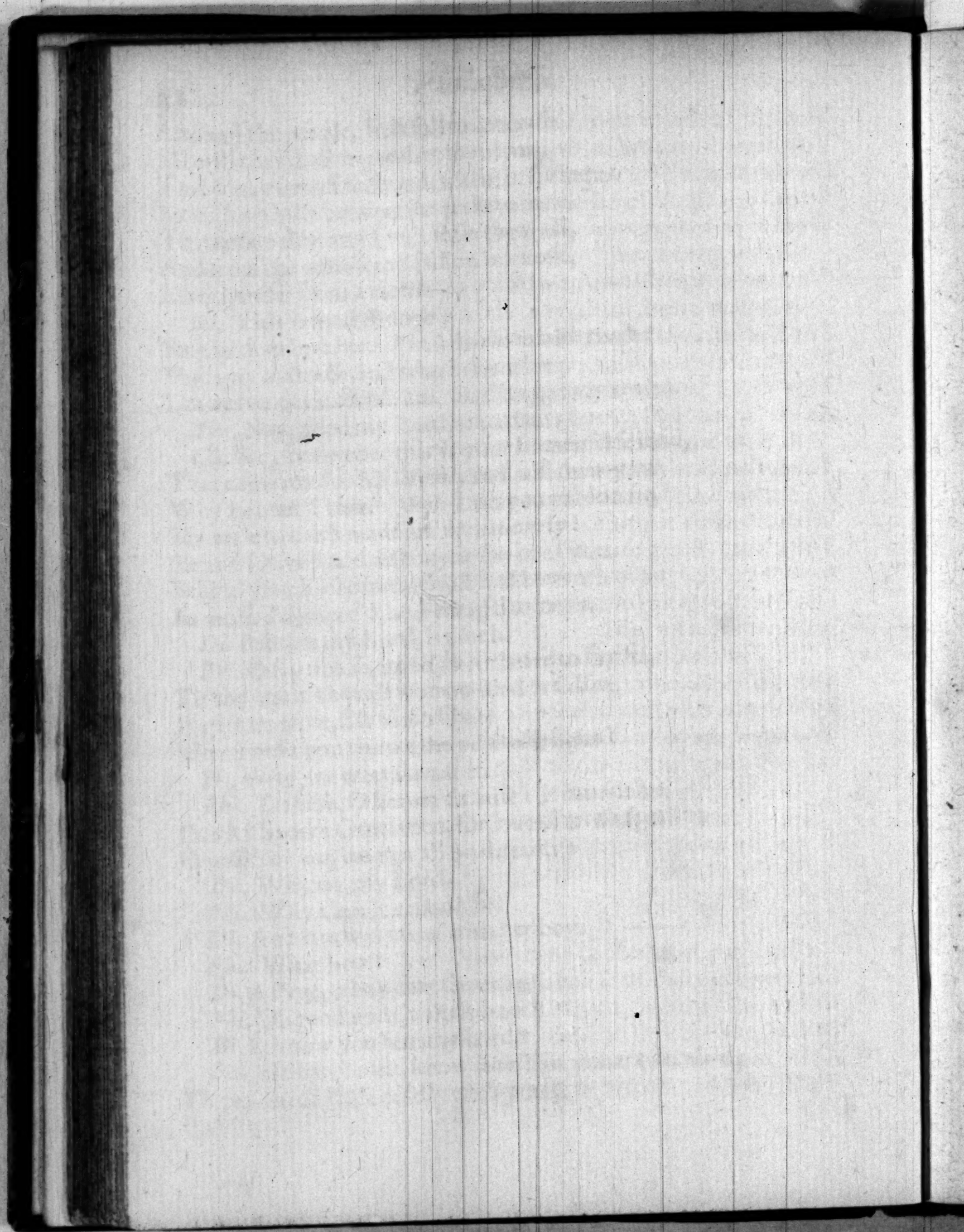
Di. A Page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy?

Di. I, know you him my Lord?

Phi. Hell and sinne, know him? sir, you are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you.



Philaster.

33

If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,
That knowes not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and knowes the sin he Acts,
Which is the great delight of wickednesse;
You are abus'd, and so is shee, and I.

Di. How you, my Lord?

Phi. Why all the world's abus'd,
In an unjust report.

Dio. Oh, noble sir, your vertues
Cannot looke into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short my Lord, I tooke them: I my selfe.

Phi. Now all the devills thou didst, flie from my rage,
Would thou hadst tane devills ingendring plagues,
When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes,
Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumbe
For ever: that this foule deed might have slept
In silence.

Tra. Have you knowne him so ill temper'd?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose,
From the foure severall corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword
To runne me through?

Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Phi. When any falls from vertue I am distract,
I have an interest in't.

Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,
And thanke what's best to be done.

Phi. I think you, I will doe it;
Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it;
To morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.

The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you

Tra. He was extreame impatient.

Cle. It was his vertue, and his noble minde.

E 3

Exit.

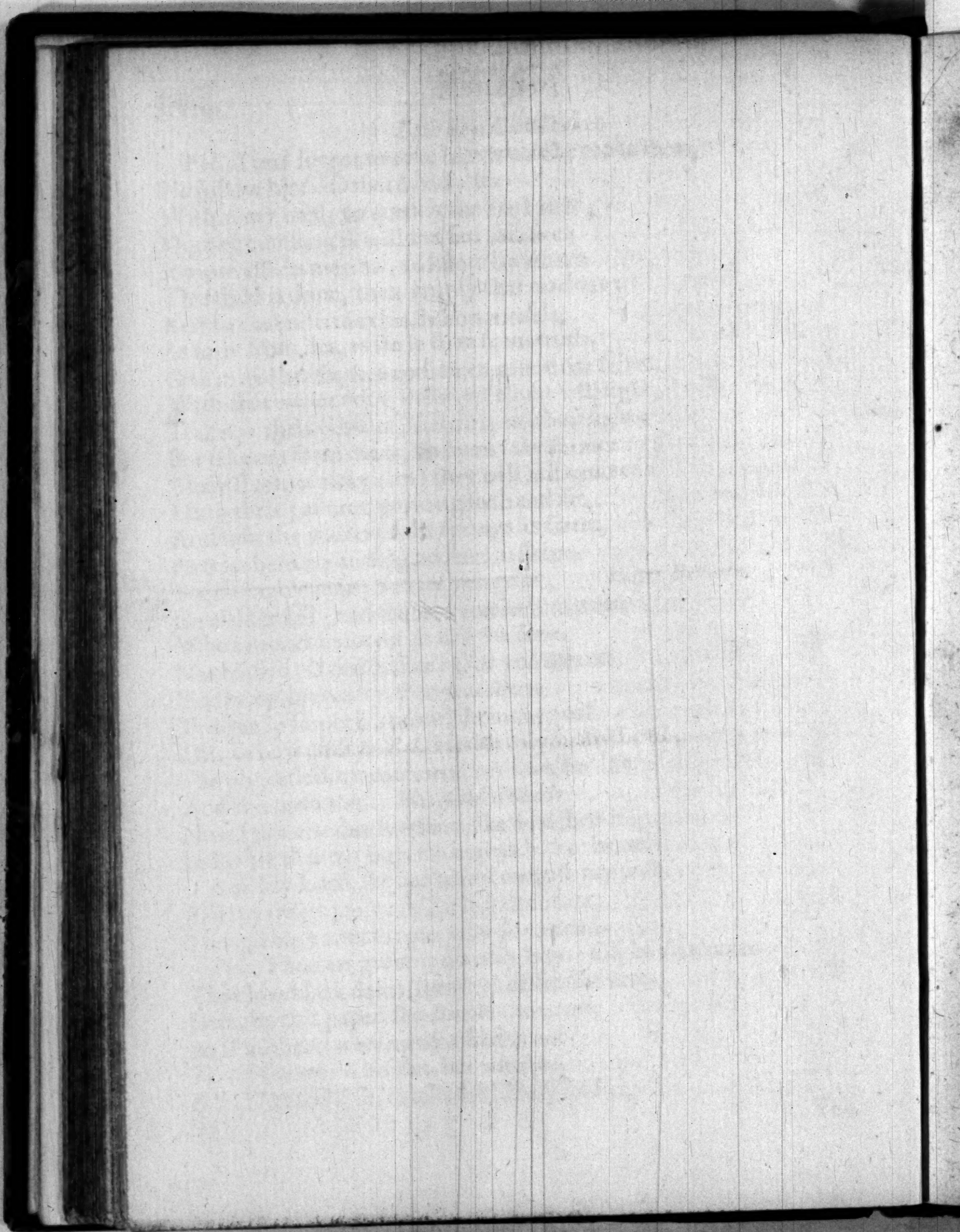
Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi. I had forgot to aske him where he tooke them,
 I'll follow him. O that I had a sea
 Within my brest, to quench the fire I feele;
 More circumstances will but fan this fire;
 It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
 This deed is done, then simply that tis done:
 And he that tells me this, is honourable,
 As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.
 O that like beasts, wee could not grieve our selves,
 With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,
 To keepe their females, standing in their fight;
 But take um from them, and you take at once
 Their spleenes away; and they will fall againe
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
 And taste the waters of the springs as sweet,
 As twas before; finding no start in sleepe.
 But miserable man; See, see you gods, Enter *Bellarie*.
 He walkes still; and the face you let him weare
 When he was innocent, is still the same,
 Not blasted; is this Justice? Doe you meane
 To intrap mortality, that you allow
 Treason so smoothe a brow? I cannot now
 Thinke he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you my Lord;
 The princeesse doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellarie*.
 Now I perceive shee loves me; she does shew it
 In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
 Past my desert; more fit for her attendant;
 Though farre unfit for me, who doe attend.

Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
 That love black deeds, learne to dissemble here;
 Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
 As if her heart were mines of adamant
 To all the world besides, but unto me,
 A maiden snow that melted with my lookes,

Tell



Philaster.

35

Tell me my boy how doth the princeſſe uſe thee?
For I ſhall gueſſe her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her ſervant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; Or had preſerv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity,
As mothers fond doe uſe their onely ſonnes;
As I'de uſe one, that's left unto my truſt,
For whom my life ſhould pay, if he met harme,
So ſhe does uſe me.

Phi. Why this is wondrous well;
But what kind language does ſhee feed thee with?

Bel. Why, ſhe does tell me, ſhee will truſt my youth
With all her loving ſecrets; and does call mee
Her pretty ſervant, bids me weepe no more
For leaving you: ſhee'l ſee my ſervices
Regarded; and ſuch words of that ſoft ſtraine,
That I am nearer weeping when ſhe end's
Then ere ſhe ſpake. *Phi.* This is much better ſtill.

Bel. Are you not ill my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No *Bellario*.

Bel. Me thinkes your words
Fall not from off your tongue ſo evenly;
Nor is there in your looks that quietneſſe,
That I was wont to ſee. *Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy:
And ſhe ſtrokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And ſhe does clap thy cheekes?

Bel. She does my Lord.

Phi. And ſhe does kiſſe thee boy? ha;

Bel. How my Lord?

Phi. She kiſſes thee?

Bel. Not ſo my Lord.

Phi. Come come: I know ſhe does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then ſhee does not love me; come, ſhe does,
I bad her doe it; I charg'd her by all charmes
Of love betwaeus, by the hope of peace.

We should enjoy, to yeeld thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I tooke her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her: Tell me gentle boy,
Is shee not parallellesse? Is not her breath,
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?
Is she not all, a lasting Mine of joy?

Bel. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her
My heart held augury; you are abus'd,
Some villaine has abus'd you: I doe see
Where to you tend; fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you; tis some subtle traine,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

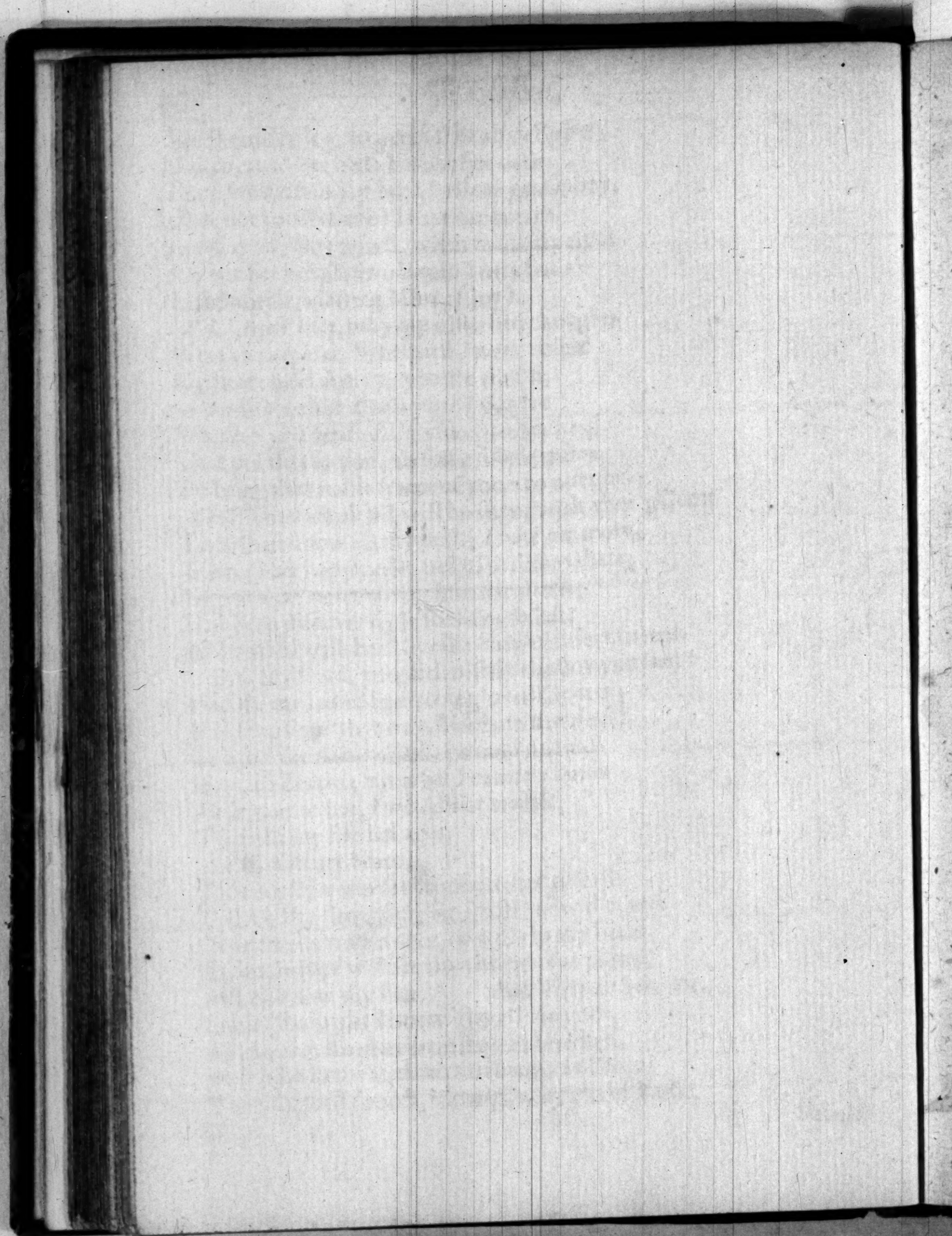
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; Come
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more,
Then I love happinesse, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;
Hast thou discover'd; Is she false to lust,
As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to mee.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart;
This is a salve worse then the maine disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine,
As I doe now thy face.

Bel. Why so you doe.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were shee foule as hell,
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brasse,

Should



Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I doe hate thee;
I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you doe hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;
Tell me when, and where thou didst enjoy her
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. Heaven knowes I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke,
I'll love those peeces you have cut away,
Better then those that grow: and kisse those limbs,
Because you made um so.

Phi. Fearest thou not death?
Can boyes contemne that?

Bel. Oh, what boy is hee,
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I doe know my Lord;
Tis lesse then to be borne; a lasting sleepe,
A quiet resting from all jealousie;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are paines, false boy,
For perjur'd soules; thinke but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speake of: kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I doe?

Why, who can but beleve him? He does sweare

So earnestly, that if it were not true,

The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellario*,

Thy protestations are so deepe; and thou

Doest looke so truly, when thou utterest them,

That though I know um false, as were my hopes,

I cannot urge thee further; but thou wilt

To blame to injure me, for I must love

Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon

Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee

Is firme, what ere thou dost: It troubles me

That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheekes,

That did so well become thee: But good boy

Let mee not see thee more; something is done,

That will distract mee, that will make me mad,

If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,

Let me not see thee.

Bell. I will flye as farre

As there is morning, ere I give distaste (teares)

To that most honour'd mind. But through these

Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see

A world of treason practis'd upon you,

And her, and me. Farewell for evermore;

If you shall heare, that sorrow struck me dead,

And after find me loyall, let there be

A teare shed from you, in my memory.

And I shall rest at peace.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,

What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I

Goe bath this body? Nature too unkind,

That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

Enter Arethusa.

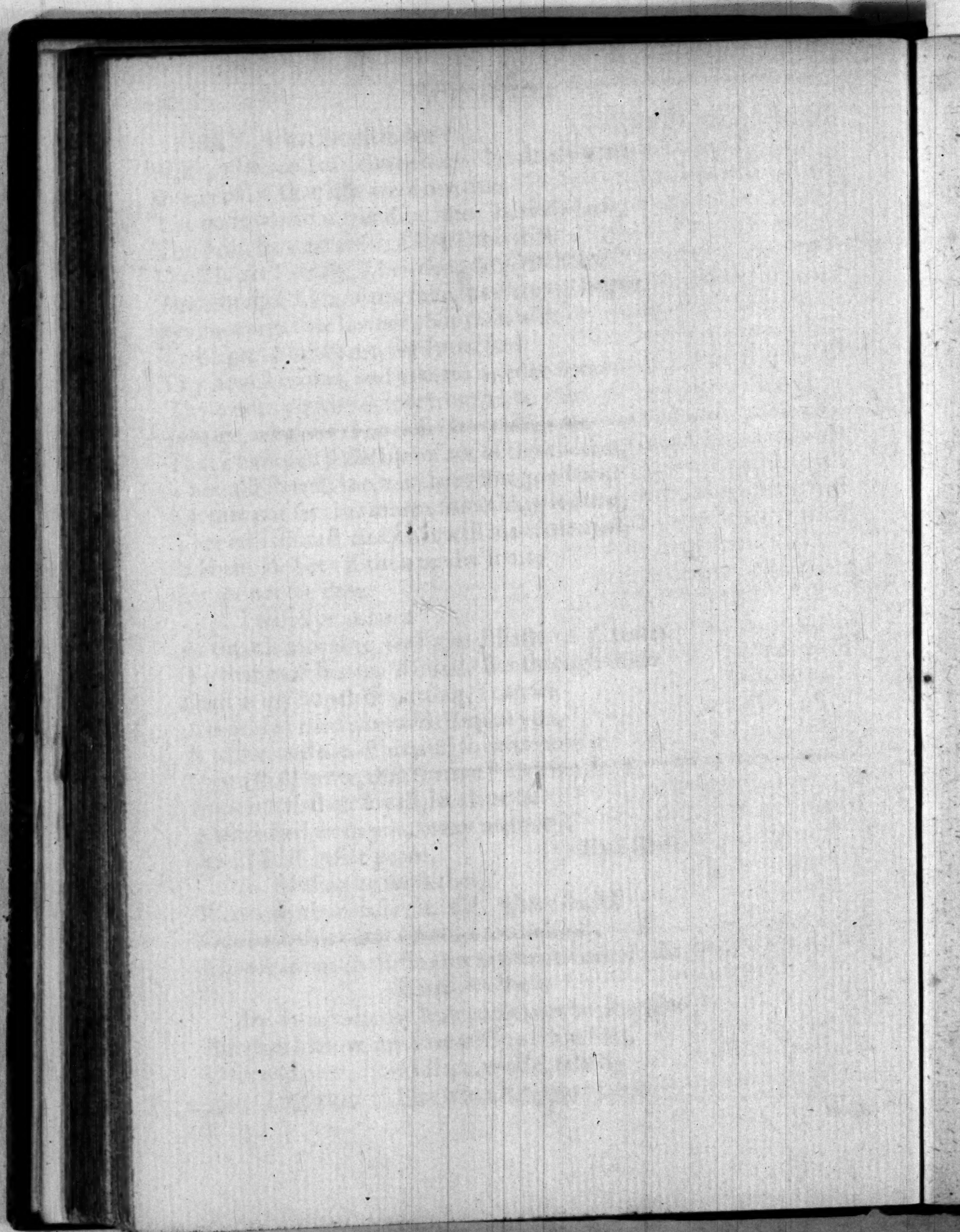
Are. I marvaile my boy comes not back againe;

But that I know my love will question him,

Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;

How I remembred him when his deare name

Was



Philaster.

39

Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry
At his stay.

Enter King.

K. What, at your meditations? who attends you?

Are. None but my single selfe, I need no guard;
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.

K. Tell me: have you not a boy?

Are. Yes sir.

K. What kind of boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting boy.

K. A handsome boy?

Are. I thinke hee be not ugly;
Well qualified, and dutifull, I know him,
I tooke him not for beauty.

K. He speakes, and sings, and playes?

Are. Yes sir.

K. About eightene?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

K. Is hee full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why doe you aske?

K. Put him away.

Are. Sir.

K. Put him away, has done you that good service
Shames me to speake off.

Are. Good sir let me understand you.

K. If you feare me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it sir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Doe not you blush to aske it? Cast him off,
Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so neare unto my selfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,
What you, my selfe have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord?

K. Tis a new language, that all love to learne

The common people speake it well already;
 They need no Grammar; understand me well,
 There be foule whispers stirring; cast him off,
 And suddainely; doe it: Farewell. *Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
 Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living,
 They feed upon opinions, errours, dreames,
 And make um truths; they draw a nourishment
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
 And when they see a vertue fortified,
 Strongly above the battry of their tongues;
 Oh, how they cast to sinke it; and defeated
 (Soule sicke with poyson) strike the Monuments
 Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweat,
 And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistresse.

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a warre within me.

Phi. He must be more then man, that makes these Christalls
 Run into rivers; sweetest faire, the cause;
 And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,
 Your creature made againe from what I was,
 And newly spirited; He right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love; that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gaveme.

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

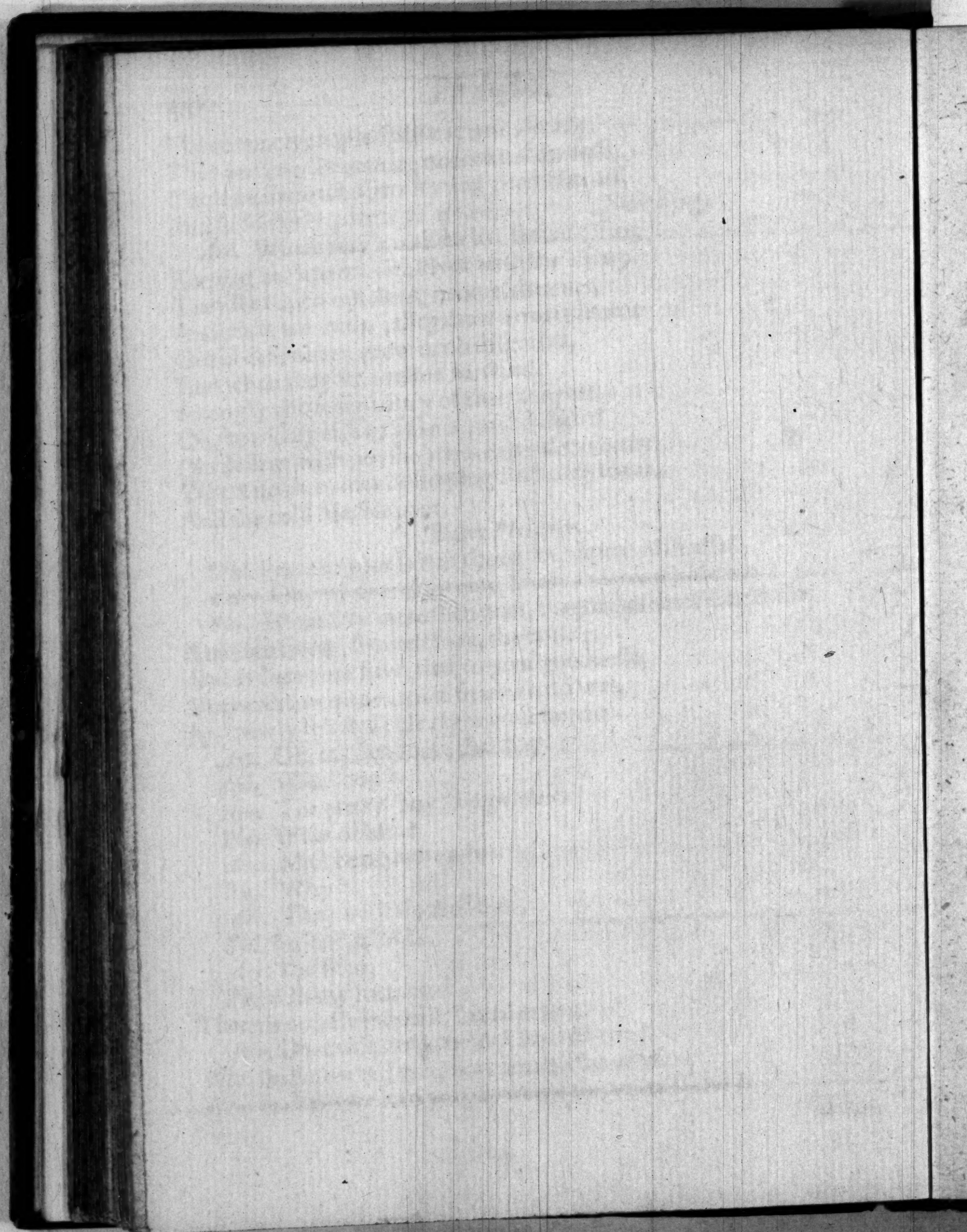
Phi. Jealous, who?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh my fortune,
 Then tis no idle jealousie. Let him goe:

Are. Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?
 Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you;
 Who shall sweare it to you, & weepe the teares I send?

Who



Philaster.

41

Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
 Loose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
 In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
 Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soule
 Into senselesse pictures, and make them mourne?
 Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
 He crowne a silent sleepe upon my eye-lid,
 Making me dreame, and cry, Oh my deare,
 Deare *Philast.*

Phi. Oh my heart?
 Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
 This Lady was not loyall. *Mistresse*, forget
 The boy, I'll get thee a farre better.

Are. Oh never, never such a boy againe,
 As my *Bellario*.

Bell. Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
 All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,
 And all desire to doe well for it selfe:
 Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
 Sell, and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to mee,
 And the losse of such, must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetfull woman.

Are. How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
 When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke,
 And doe thus.

Are. Doe what fir? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever *Arethusa*. Oh you gods,
 Give me a worthy patience: Have I stood
 Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
 Have I seene mischiefes numberlesse, and mighty?
 Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
 Danger as sterne as death into my bosome,

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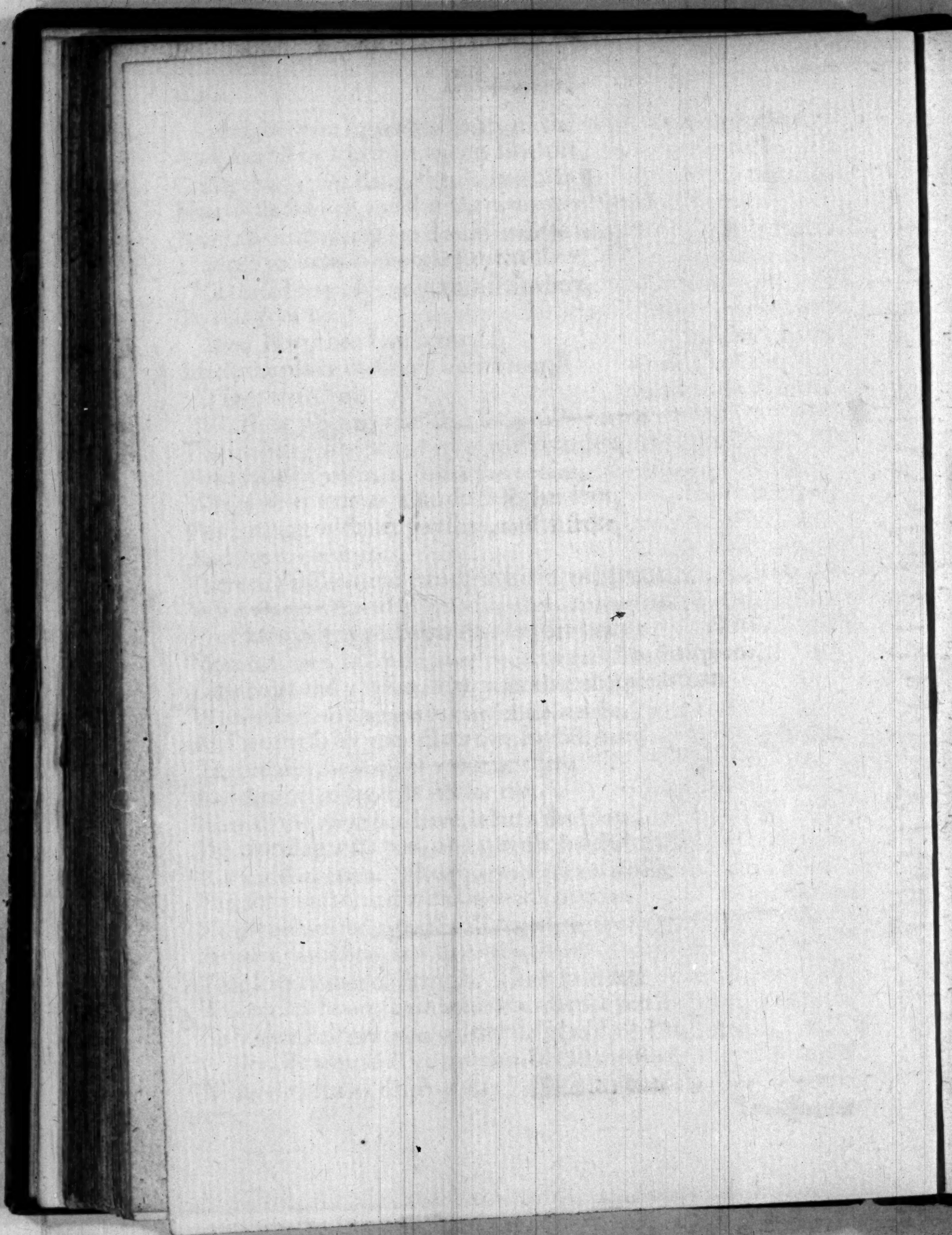
And

And laught upon it, made it but a mirth;
 And hung it by? Doe I live now like him,
 Under this tyrant King, that languishing
 Heares his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Doe I
 Beare all this bravely? and must linke at length
 Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
 That cursed boy? None but a villaine boy,
 To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
 I feele the plot cast for my overthrow;
 Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
 To this poore Kingdome; give it to your Joy,
 For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
 Where never woman kind durst set her foot,
 For bursting with her poysons, must I seeke,
 And live to curse you;
 There dig a Cave, and preach to birds, and beasts,
 What woman is, and help to save them from you.
 How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
 More hell then hell has; how your tongues like Scorpions,
 Both heale and poyson; how your thoughts are woven
 With thousand changes in one subtile webbe,
 And worne so by you. How that foolish man,
 That reades the story of a womans face,
 And dies beleeving it, is lost for ever.
 How all the good you have, is but a shaddow,
 I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,
 Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A meere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts
 Till my last houre, I am bound to utter of you;
 So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit Phi.*

Are. Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead;
 What way have I deserv'd this? Make my brest



Philaster.

43

Transparant as pure Christall, that the world
 Jealous of mee, may see the fouleſt thought
 My heart holds. Where ſhall a woman turne her eyes,
 To find out conſtancy? Save me, how black,
 And guilty (mee thinkes) that boy looks now?
 Oh thou diſſembler, that before thou ſpakeſt
 Wert in thy cradle falſe! ſent to make lies,
 And betray innocents; thy Lord and thou,
 May glory in the aſhes of a maid
 Foold by her paſſion; but the conqueſt is,
 Nothing ſo great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my command force thee to that, which ſhame
 Would doe without it. If thou underſtood'ſt
 The loathed office thou haſt undergone,
 Why thou wouldſt hide thee under heapes of hills,
 Leſt men ſhould dig and find thee. *Bel.* Oh what god,
 Angry with men, hath ſent this ſtrange diſeaſe
 Into the nobleſt minds? Madam this griefe
 You adde unto me, is no more then drops
 To ſeaſ, for which they are not ſeene to ſwell;
 My Lord hath ſtruck his anger through my heart,
 And let out all the hope of future joyes,
 You need not bid mee fly, I came to part,
 To take my lateſt leave. Farewell for ever;
 I durſt not runne away in honeſty,
 From ſuch a Lady, like a boy that ſtole,
 Or made ſome grievous fault; the power of gods
 Aſſiſt you in your ſufferings; haſty time
 Reveale the truth to your abuſed Lord,
 And mine: That he may know your worth: whiſt I
 Goe ſeek out ſome forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

Are. Peace guide thee; tha'ſt overthrowne me once,
 Yet if I had another Troy to loſe,
 Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,
 Might talke me out of it, and ſend me naked,
 My haire diſhevel'd through the fiery ſtreets?
Enter a Lady.

La

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestnesse.

Are. I am in tune to hunt :
Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die pursued by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallateo, Megra, Dion,
Cleremont, Trasilm, and attendants.*

K. What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen ?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent.

Di. all fir.

K. Y^e are cloudy fir, come we have forgotten
Your veniall trespasse ; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit ; none dare utter it.

Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping.
dull as a Dormouse : see how he finkes ; the wench has shot him be-
tweene wind and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

Tra. Hee needs no teaching, hee strikes sure enough ; his greatest
fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues ; would he would leave off
poaching.

Di. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late ;
Oh, hee's a pretious lyme-hound ; turne him loose upon the pur-
suite of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up ith slip. When my
foxbitch Bewty growes proud, Ile borrow him.

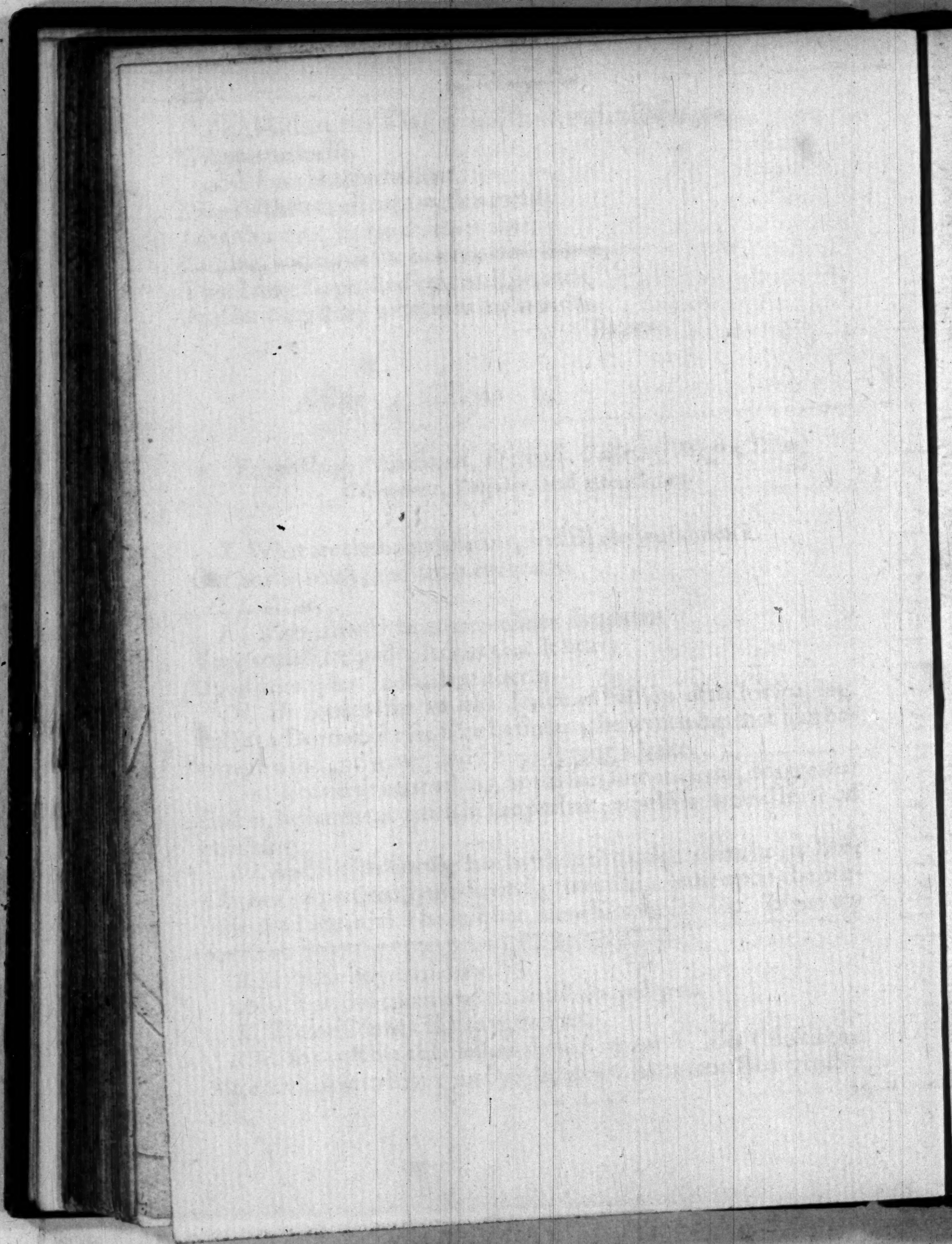
K. Is your boy turn'd away ?

Are. You did command fir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis well done : Marke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent ? Mee thinkes that
were not noble in him : and yet he lookes like a mortified member,

as



Philaster.

45

as if he had a sick mans Calve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall Justice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a doggewhip.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour; why, what a devill can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest?

Pha. Troth no great matter to speake of, a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoyles her coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

Di. See how they master one another! Otheres a rank regiment, where the Devill carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will: before, she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her, Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, shee has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discretely, for her healths sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-dayes: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the City for these licences!

K. To horse, to horse, wee loose the morning Gentlemen. *Ex.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 Wood. What, have you lodged the Deere?

2 Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 Wood. Who shoots?

2 Wood. The Princesse.

1 Wood. No, shee'l hunt.

2 Wood. Shee'l take a stand I say:

1 Wood. Who else?

2 Wood. Why, the young stranger Prince:

1 Wood. He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond sea-ship, since he forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings: hee was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needs (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Doweers; marry the steward would have the velvet head into the bargain, to tuse his hat with-

all

all: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old sir *Tristram*, for if you be remembred, he forsooke the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a meadow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 Wood. The Lady *Gallathea*.

1 Wood. That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bowe they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to doe. There's all.

2 Wood. No, one more *Megara*.

1 Wood. That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when shee comes home, get unclapt, and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoone (if the woods have beene answerable) and it has betne worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweate for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Hark, let's goe. *Exeunt*

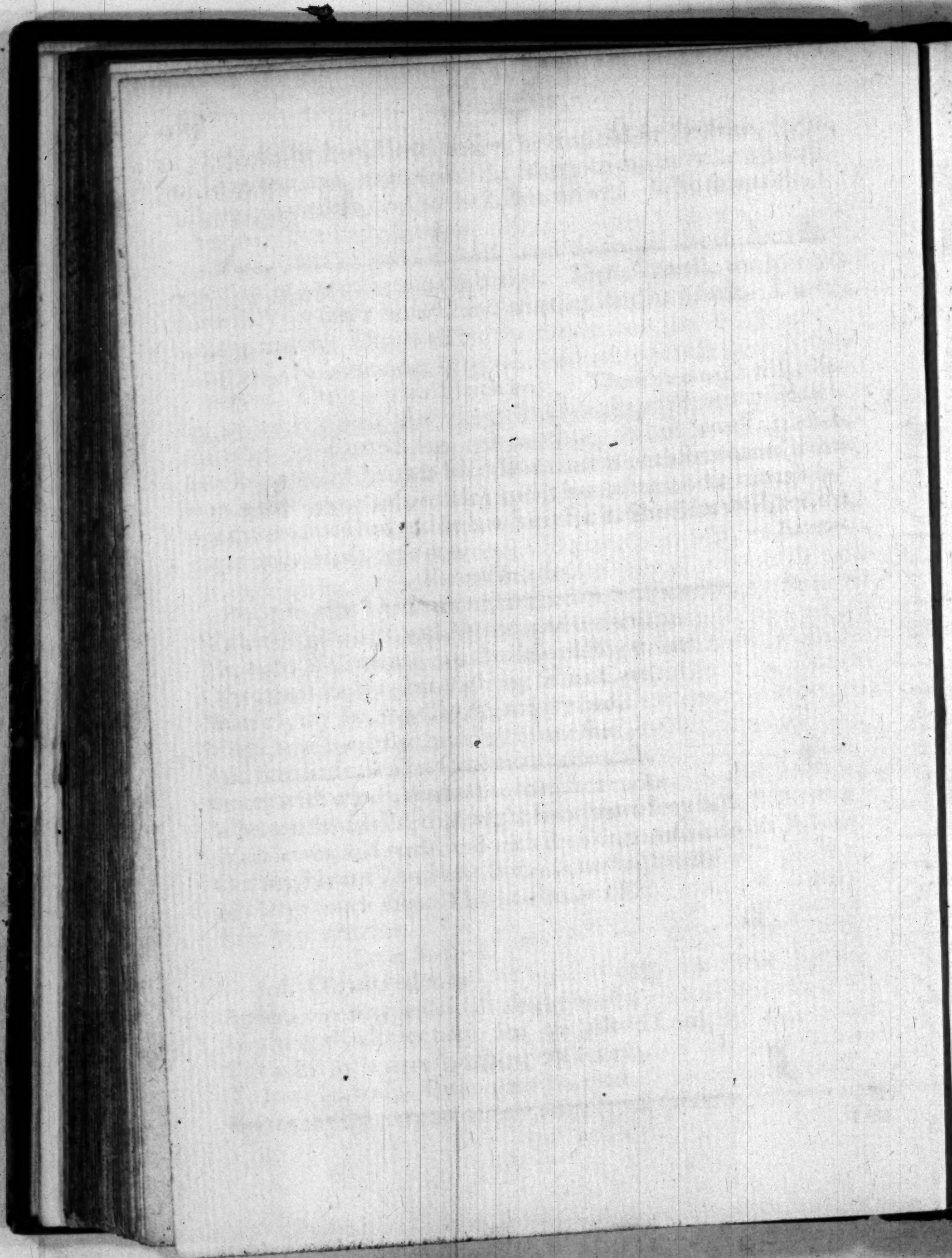
Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had beene nourished in these woods, With milk of Goats, and Akrons, and not known The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines Of womens looks, but dig'd my selfe a Cave, Where I, my fire, my Cattell, and my bed, Might have beene shut together in one shed; And then had taken me some mountaine gillie, Beaten with winds, chaff as the hardened rocks, Whereon she dwells; that might have strewed my bed With leaves, and reeds, and with the skinnes of beasts Our neighbours; And have borne at her big breasts My large course issue. This had beene a life Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men! An innocent may walke safe among beasts, Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord, Sits as his soule were searching out a way, To leave his body. Pardon me that must Breake thy last commandment; For I must speake

You



Philaster.

47

You that are griev'd can pity, hear my Lord,

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh my noble Lord, and
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keepe that little peece I hold of life
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone;
Goe sell those misbecoming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thy selfe with them.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them;
The silly Country people think 'em treason,
To touch such gay things, *Phi.* Now by my life this is

Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;
Th'art false againe to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou thinke to cozen me againe?

Remaines there yet a plague untride for me,
Even so thou wepst, and spokst, when first
I tooke thee up; curse on the time. If thy

Commanding teares can worke on any other,
Use thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;

For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve, but I will chuse to have
That path in chafe, that leads unto my grave.

Exit Phi. Bell. severally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden chance! You Woodman.

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse studded
with starres of white?

2 Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Di. Yes; Rode she to the wood; or to the plaine?

2 Wood; Faith my Lord we saw none. *Exit Woodmen.*

Enter Clemeant.

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Di.

Di. Pox of your questions then. What is she found?

Cle. Nor will be I think.

Di. Let him seeke his daughter himselfe; she cannot stray about a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be in Armes; when she has done, wee shall have peace.

Cle. Theres already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us; some say her horse ran away with her; some, a Wolfe pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were scene in the Wood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Trasilino

K. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How is that? answer me for againe.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me that;

I say againe, where is she? Murther not;

Sir, speake you, where is she?

Di. Sir, I doe not know.

K. Speak that againe so boldly, and by heaven,

It is thy last: You fellowes, answer me,

Where is shee? Marke me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my daughter, shew her me;

I doe command you all, as you are subjects,

To shew her me, what am I not your King?

If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible, and honest.

K. Things possible and honest? Heare me, thou,

Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things

Possible and honest; shew her me,

Or let me perish, if I euer not

All Sicily with blood.

Di. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y have let me lose

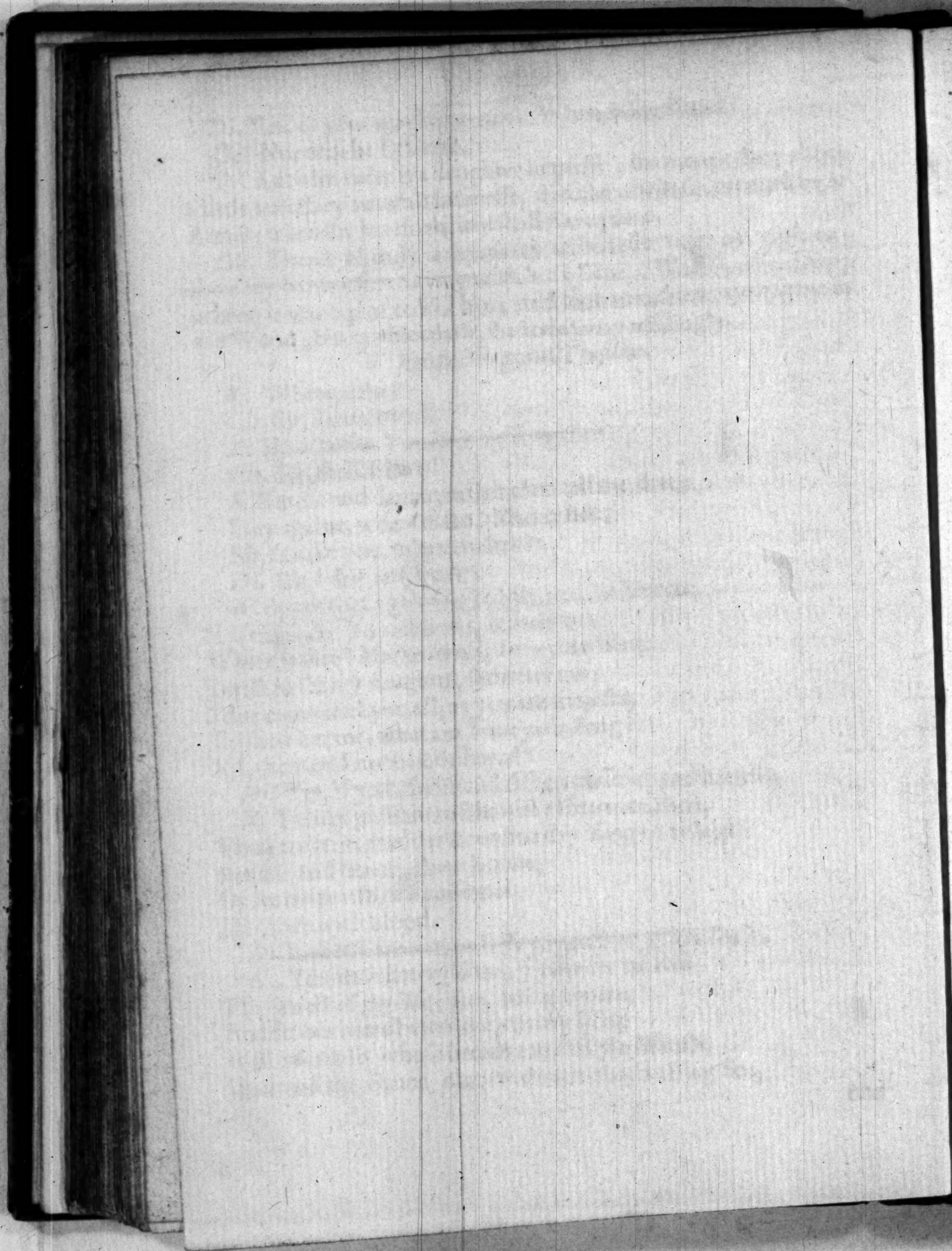
The Jewell of my life; goe, bring her me,

And let her heere before me; tis the King

Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,

Unclovd the Sunne, charme downe the swelling Sea,

And



Philaſter.

49

And ſtop the floods of heaven; ſpeake, can it not?

Di. No.

K. No? Cannot the breath of Kings doe this?

Di. No, nor ſmell ſweet it ſelfe, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted. *K.* Is it ſo? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed; how you dare the powers
That muſt be juſt. *K.* Alas, what are we Kings?
Why doe you gods place us above the reſt;
To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Beleeve we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to trie the power we have,
There's not a leafe ſhakes at our threatnings.
I have ſinn'd tis true, and here ſtand to be puniſh'd;
Yet would not thus be puniſh'd, let me chuſe
My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods; would ſome body would draw
bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pha. Gallatea, and Megra.

K. What, is ſhe found?

Pha. No, wee have tane her horſe,
He gallopt empty by: there's ſome treaſon;
You Gallatea rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

K. Command! you ſhould not.

Gall. T'would ill become my fortunes, and my
To diſobey, the daughter of my King.

K. Y'are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,

By this hand there ſhall be no more *Cicilie*.

Di. What, will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave on man alive, but the King,
A Cooke, and a Taylor.

Di. Yet you may doe well to ſpare your Lady bedfellow, and
her you may keepe for a ſpawner.

K. I ſee the injuries I have done muſt be reveng'd.

Di. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her, or
Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'll make him great.

Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come let us seeke.

K. Each man a severall way, here I my selfe.

Di. Come Gentlemen, wee here.

Cle. Lady, you must goe search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my selfe.

Enter *Archibius*.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the councell of my troubled head;
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountaines, thorny brambles, pits, and foulds
Heaven I hope will ease me, I am sick.

Enter *Bellario*.

Bell. Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knowes I want nothing,
Because I doe not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. O heare, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground;
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;
I feare she faints; Madam looke up, she breaths not;
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Vnto my Lord, your latest farewell! Oh, shee stirs;
How is it Madam? Speake comfort.

Are. Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I prey thee let me goe,
I shall doe best without thee; I am well.

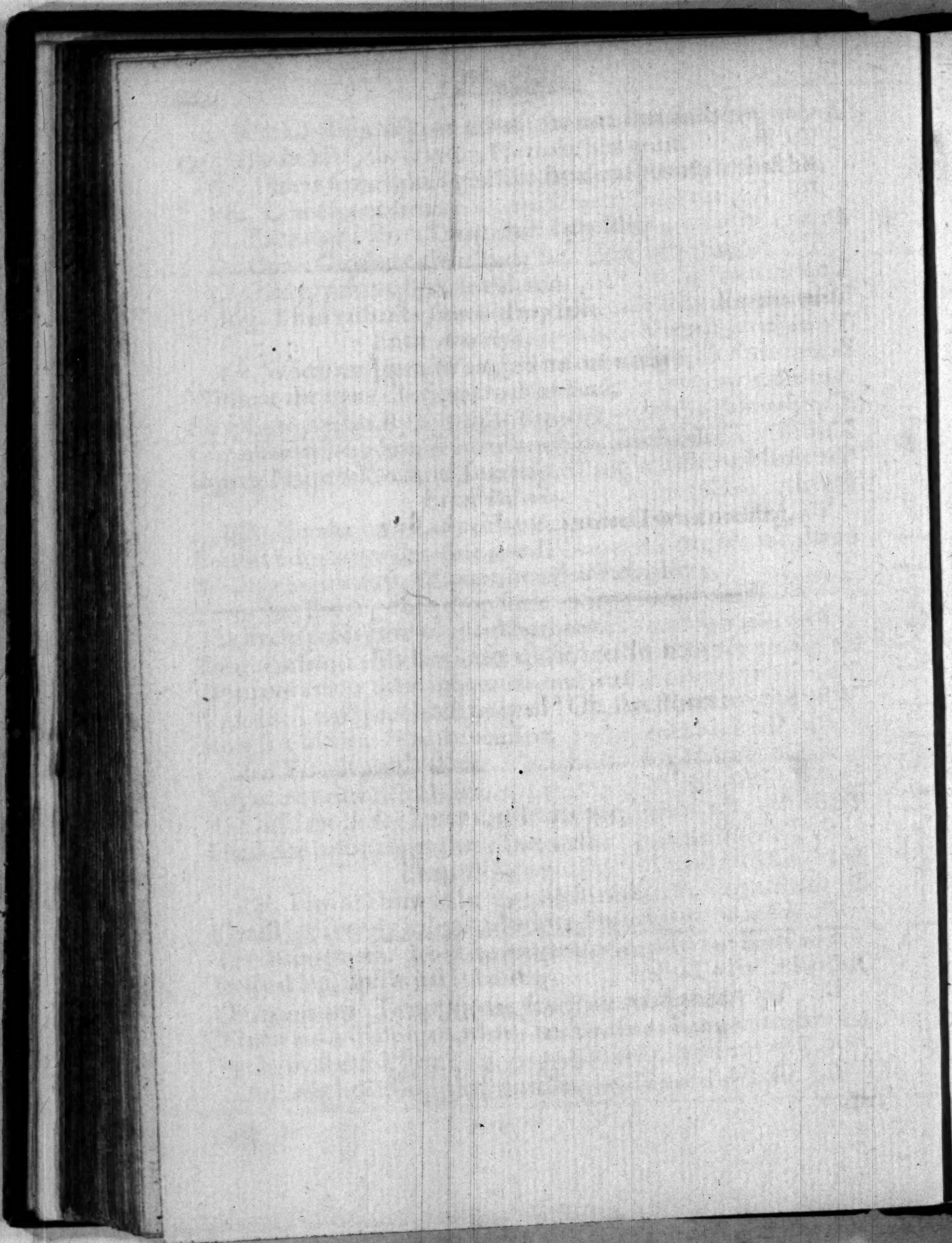
Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods,
Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bell. My Lord, help the Princess.

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Are.



Philaster.

517

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather then trust to tongues
And shrinke these veines up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damned act. Heare me you wicked ones,
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with teares; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosomes; at your meales, and beds,
Despaire awaite you; what, before my face?
Poyson of Aspes betweene your lips; Diseases
Be your best issues; Nature makes a curse,
And throw it on you. *Are.* Deare *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and heare me. *Phi.* I have done;
Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* looks up his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd then I, I'll make you know it.
Deare *Arethusa*, doe but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and raigne
In lust without controule; Wilt thou *Bellarion*?
I prethee kill me; thou art poore, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead:
This way were freer; Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live;
Sirs, feele my pulse; whether have you knowne
A man in a more equall tane to die?

Bell. Alas my Lord, your pulse keepes madmans time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you?

Bell. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,

Bellarion; thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to doe; be gone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last

OF

Of all our meeting. Kill mee with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow : we are two
Earth cannot beare at once. Resolve to doe,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No Jealousie in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guid

My feeble hand, you that have power to doe it,
For I must performe a peece of Justice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectuell reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country fellow.

Conn. Ile see the King, if he be in the forrest, I have hunted him
these two houre; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters
would laugh at mee; I can see nothing but people better horst then
my selfe, that out rid me; I can heare nothing but showting. These
Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a
meane man out of his wits. Ther's a Courtier with his sword
drawne, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phil. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soule and body?

Conn. Hold dastard, strike a woman ! th'art a craven I warrant
thee, thou wouldest bee loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at wa-
sters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us good friend.

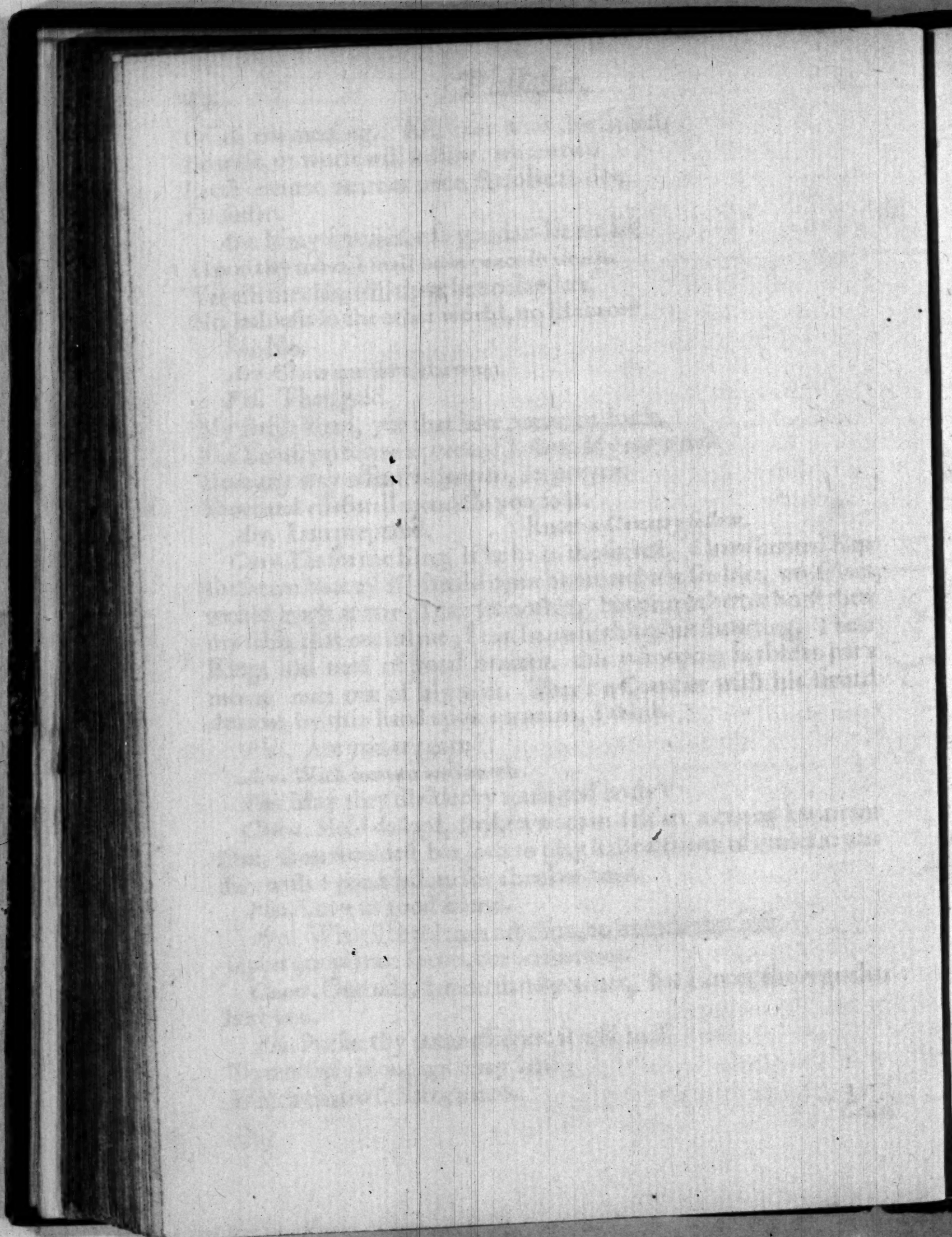
Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe
Upon our private sports, our recreations.

Conn. God uds, I understand you not, but I know the rogue has
hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy owne affaires : it will be ill
To multiply bloud upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Conn.

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Philaster.

33

Conn. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord.

Conn. Oh, doe you breath?

Phi. I heare the tread of people: I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, could this Boore
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I doe loath it. I would finde a course,
To lose it, rather by my will then force.

Conn. I cannot follow the rogue: I pray thee wench come and
kisse me now.

Enter Phara, Dion, Cle, Trasi, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Conn. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princeesse Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam? Is
it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Conn. I faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, looke else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood.

Di. Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speake villaine who has hurt the Princeesse?

Conn. Is it the Princeesse?

Di. I.

Conn. Then I have seene something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Conn. I told you a rogue I ne're saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch; alas I know him not,
And doe forgive him.

Conn. Hee's hurt to, he cannot goe farre, I made my fathers old
fox flie about his eares.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand. I'll leave never a peece of him bigger then a

H

nut,

nut, and bring him all in my hat. *Are.* Nay, good Sir,
If you doe take him bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault. *Pha.* I will.

Are. But sweare.

Pha. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princesse to
the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dressing; Come Gen-
tle men, wee'l follow the chase close.

Exit Are. Pha. Dis. Cle. Tra. & Woodman.

Corn. I pray you friend let me see the King;
a Wood. That you shall and receive thanks. *Exeunt.*

Corn. If I get cleare with this, I'll goe to see no more gay sights.

Enter Bellario.

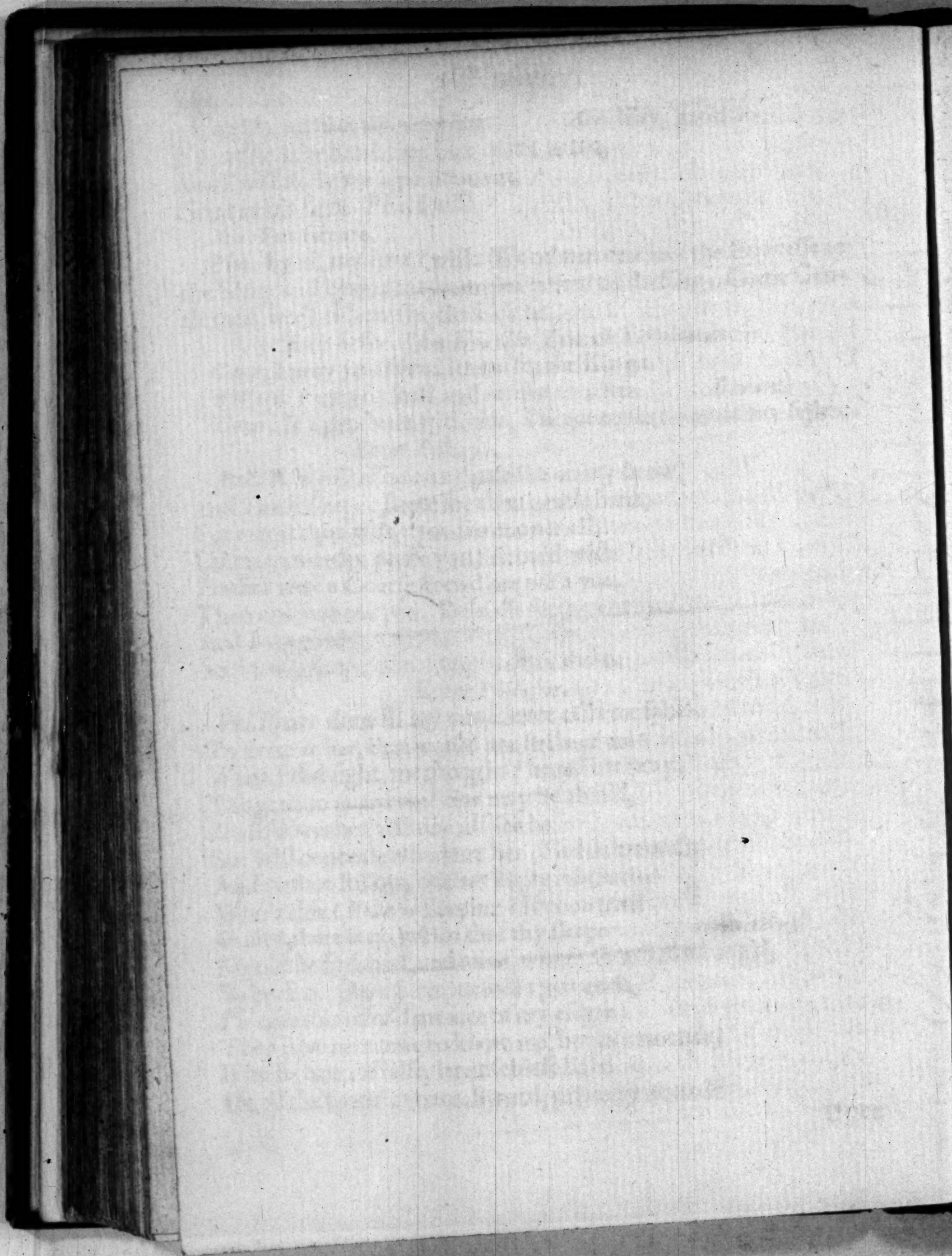
Bell. A heaviness neare death sits on my brow,
And I must sleepe: Beare me thou gentle bank,
For ever if thou wilt: you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy presse you: I could wish
I rather were a Coarse strewd ore with you,
Then quick above you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh that I could take
So sound a sleepe, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false
To strike at her, that would not strike at me:
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray,
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villaine: If she be,
She will conceale who hurt her; He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knowes he mee.
Who's this? *Bellario* sleeping? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleepe
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken: Hark I am pursu'd: you gods,
I'll take this offer'd meanes of my escape:
They have no marke to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds

Upon

The first of these is the fact that the
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Philaster.

55

Upon this sleeping boy ; I ha none I thinke
Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee.

Bell. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,
It meant me well ; againe, for pitties sake.

Phi. I have caught my selfe, *Phi. falls.*
The losse of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here
Is he that stroke thee : take thy full revenge,
Use me, as I did meane thee, worse then death :
I'll teach thee to revenge : this lucklesse hand
Wounded the princeesse, tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee : Get a reward.

Bell. Fly fly my Lord, and save your selfe.

Phi. How's this ?

Wouldst thou I should be safe ?

Bell. Else were it vaine
For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me ?

Bell. Or let mee perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,
Creepe in among those bushes ; who does know
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.

Phi. Then I shall die for griefe, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee : what wilt thou doe ?

Bell. Shift for my selfe well ; peace, I heare um come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.

Bell. With my owne wounds I'll bloody my owne sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall ; Heaven knowes,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter *Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrafsline.*

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creepes one away.

Di. Stay sir, what are you ?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts ; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish. *Di.* This is he my Lord,
Upon my soule that hurt her ; tis the boy,

That wicked boy that serv'd her.

Phi. O thou damn'd in thy creation!

What cause couldst thou have to hurt the Princess?

Bell. Then I am betrayed.

Di. Betrayed; no, apprehended.

Bell. I confesse.

Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts:

I set upon her, and did take my time

Her death; For charity let fall at once

The punishment you mean, and do not load

This weary flesh with tortures.

Phi. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed?

Bell. Mine owne revenge.

Phi. Revenge, for what?

Bell. It pleas'd her to receive

Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,

That men strid or'e them carelessly, she did show

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell

My fortunes, till they overflowed their banks;

Threatning the men that cross'd um; when as swift

As stormes arise at Sea, she turn'd her eyes

To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry

The streames she had bestowed, leaving me worse,

And more contentm'd then other little brookes,

Because I had beene great: In short, I knew

I could not live, and therefore did desire

To die reveng'd. *Phi.* If tortures can be found,

Long as thy naturall life, resolve to feele

The utmost rigour. *Philaster creeps out of a bush.*

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turne back you ravishers of Innocence,

Know ye the price of that you beare away

So rudely?

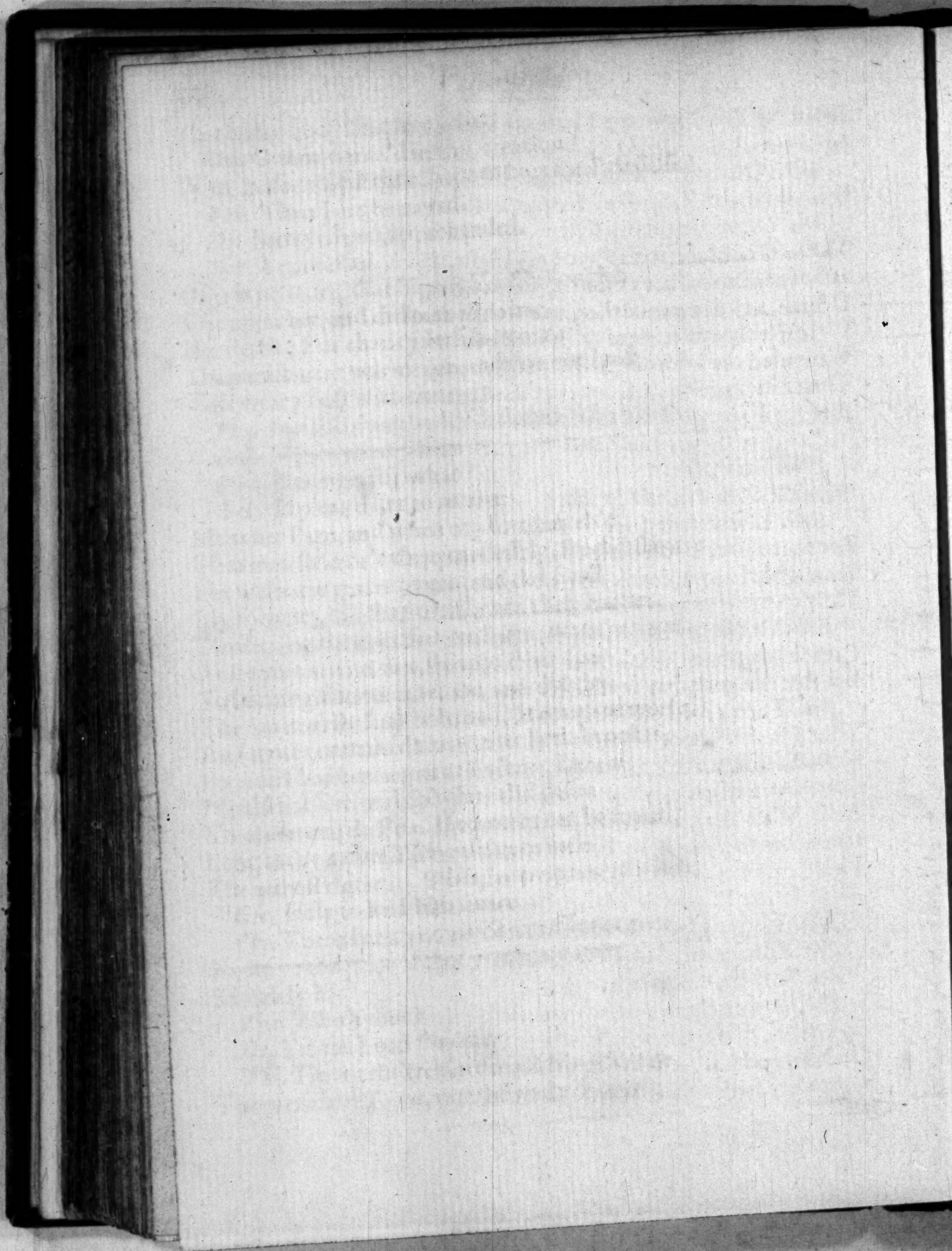
Phi. Who's that?

Di. Tis the Lord Philaster.

Phi. Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,

The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearle,

That



Philafter.

57

That pave the Court of Neptune, can weigh down
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princeſſe.

Place me, ſome God, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may diſcourſe to all the under-world,
The worth that dwells in him. *Pha.* How's this?

Bell. My Lord, ſome man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave theſe untimely curteſies *Bellarion*.

Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oathes, that men bought moſt to keepe
And Gods doe puniſh moſt, when men doe break,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellarion*,
How thou doſt drowne the vertues thou haſt ſhowne
With perjury. By all that's good twas I:

You know the ſtood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy owne tongue, be thy Judge.

Cle. It was *Philafter*.

Di. Iſt not a brave boy?

Well Sirs, I feare me, we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Di. Yes.

Phi. Then ſhew it.

Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.

Would you have teares ſhed for you when you dye?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there

I may weepe floods, and breath out my ſpirit:

Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold

Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away

This armeſfull from mee, this had been a ranſome

To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Ceſar*

Had hee been taken, you hard hearted men,

More ſtony then theſe mountaines, can you ſee

Such cleare pure blood drop, and not cut your fleſh

To ſtop his life? To bind whoſe better wounds,

Queenes ought to teare their haire, and with their teares

Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poore Philaster.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a guard.

K. Is the villaine tane?

Pha. Sir, here be two,
Confesse the deed; but say it was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ay me, I know he will.

K. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was hee, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so, Oh my stars! that I should live still.

K. Thou ambitious foole;

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy owne life;

Now I doe meane to doe, I'll leave to talke,

Beare him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence

This harmelesse life; should it passe unreveng'd,

I should to earth goe weeping; grant me then,

(By all the love a father beares his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. Tis granted; take um to you, with a guard.

Come princely Pharamond, this businesse past,

We may with more security, goe on

To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action loose not Philaster the hearts of the

Di. Feare it not, their overwise heads will thinke it but a trick.

Finis Actus quarti. Exeunt omnes.

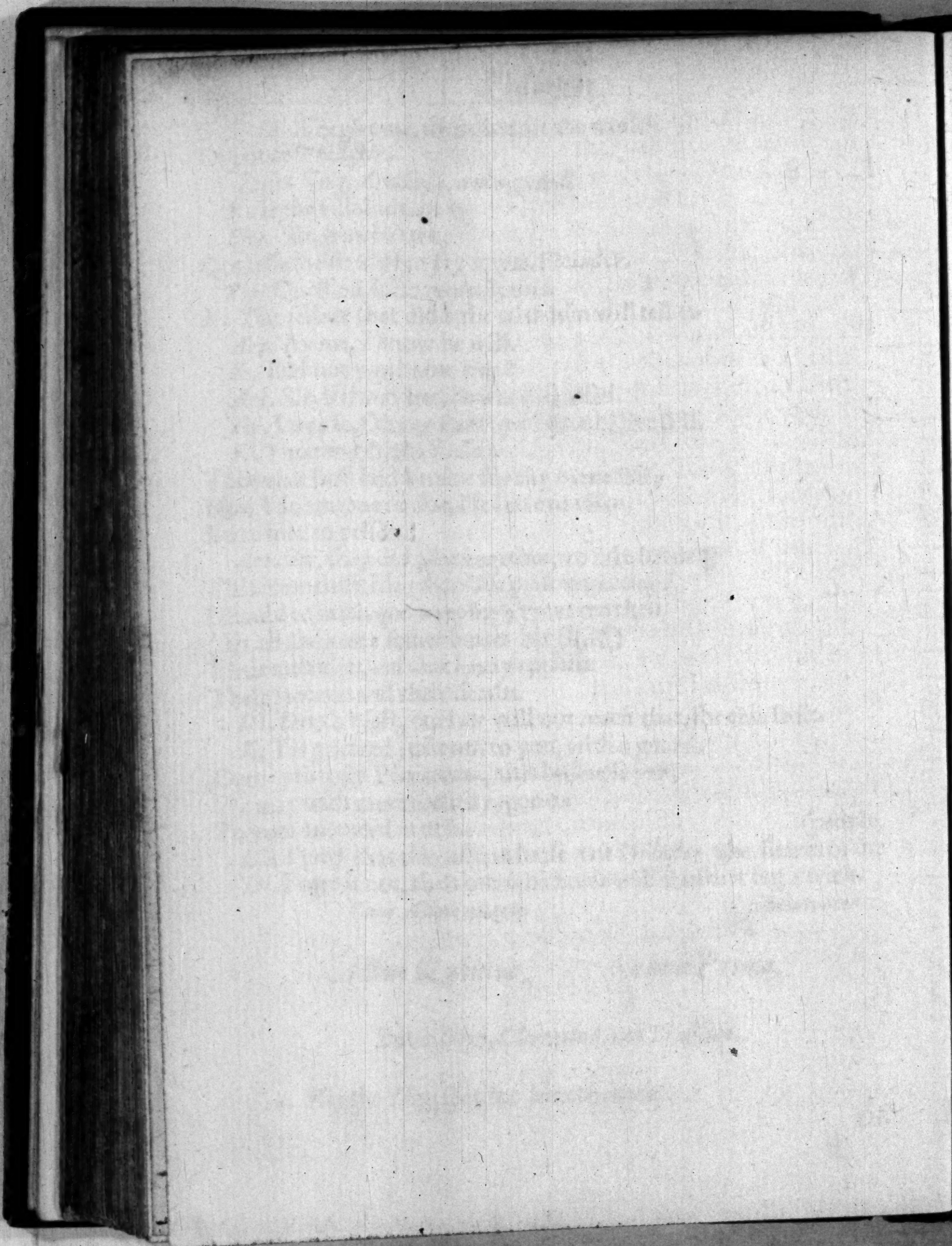
Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Dion, Cleremond, and Trasiline.

Tra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Di.



Philaster.

59

Di. Yes, but the King must know, tis not in his power to war with heaven.

Cle. We linger time ; the King sent for *Philaster*, and the head-man an houre agoe.

Tra. Are all his wounds well ?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the losse of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally Gentlemen.

Tra. Away.

Di. Wee'l skuffle hard before he perish.

Exeunt.

Enter *Philaster*, *Arethusa*, *Bellarion*.

Are. Nay deare *Philaster*, grieve not, we are well.

Bell. Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa* ! O *Bellarion* ! leave to be kind :

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so ; I am a man,

False to a paire of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it beare us all ?

Forgive and leave me ; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, oh shew it me,

And then forget me : And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollifie

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts : tis not a life,

Tis but a peece of child-hood throwne away :

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive

Vertue and honour : And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful't maid that ever was,

Forc't with my hands to bring my Lord to death)

Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,

To tell no houres beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths.

Phi. People will teare me when they find you true

To such a wretch as I ; I shall die loath'd.

Enjoy

Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleepe, forgotten with my faults.
Every iust servant, every Maid in love,
Will have a peece of mee if you be true.

Are. My deare Lord say not so.

Bell. A peece of you?

Hee was not borne of women that can cut it

And looke on:

Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, tis well.

Bell. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wron'gd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,
Deale with me trully.

Bell. Twas mistaken, Sir:

Phi. Why if it were,

Bell. Then Sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to injoy it?

Are. Injoy it? I.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plaine?

Bell. We would my Lord,

Phi. Forgive me then,

Are. So, so.

Bell. Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Dion, Claremond, Thrasilin.

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you sir, hee's gone to see the City,
And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him.

K. Is the Princeesse ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Tra. She waites your Grace.

K. Tell her we stay.

Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet,

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Philaster.

The head you aime at cost more setting on
Then to be lost so lightly : If it must off
Like a wild over flow, that floops before him
A golden Stack, and with it shakes downe Bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of Pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,
And so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong Townes, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,
And layes them desolate : so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellarie, in a Robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Mask is this?

Bell. Right royall sir, I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestiaall harp to strike
This blessed union on ; thus in glad story
I give you all. These two faire Cedar branches,
The noblest of the Mountaine, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept
Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-stroke
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And delivered in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth :
O there was none but silent quiet there !
Till never pleas'd Fortune, shot up shrubs,
Base underbrambles to divorce these branches,
And for a while they did so, and did raigne
Over the Mountaine, and choakt up his beauty,
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there ;
And now a gentle gale hath blowne againe,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided : The god that sings

Hath

Elizabeth

His holy numbers over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children mighty King, and I have done.

K. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plaine truth,
For there is no masking in't; This Gentleman,
The Prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes
Your Jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled; and at length
Arriv'd here my deare husband.

K. Your deare husband! call in
The Captaine of the Cittadell; There you shall keepe
Your wedding. I'll provide a Masque shall make
Your Hymen turne his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad Requiems to your departing soules:
Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An Ax shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Heare you gods:
From this time doe I shake all tittle of,
Of father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion,
Chast among dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Are. Sir,

By that little life I have left to sweare by,
There's nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,
For death can be no Bug-bear unto me;
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsmen.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy soule, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speake next,

And let my dying words be better with you

Then

Philaster.

63

Then my dull living actions; if you aime
 At the deare life of this sweet Innocent,
 Y are a Tirant, and a savage Monster;
 Your memory shall be as foule behind you
 As you are living, all your better deeds
 Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:
 No Chronicle shall speake you, though your owne,
 But for the shame of men: No Monument
 (Though high and big as *Pelson*) shall be able
 To cover this base murther, make it rich
 With Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
 Like the Piramides, lay on Epitaphes,
 Such as make great men gods; my little marble
 (That onely cloathis my ashes, not my faults)
 Shall farre out shine it. And for after issues
 Thinke not so madly of the heavenly wisdomes,
 That they will give you more, for your mad rage
 To cut off, unlesse it be some snake, or something
 Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
 Remember my father King; there was a fault,
 But I forgive it: let that sinne perswade you
 To love this Lady. If you have a soule,
 Thinke, save her, and be saved for my selfe,
 I have so long expected this glad houre.
 So languisht under you, and dayly withered,
 That heaven knowes it is my joy to dy,
 I find a recreation in't.

*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* Where's the King?*K.* Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,
 And rescue the prince *Pharamond* from danger,

Hee's taken prisoner by the Citizens.

Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Di.* O brave followers;

Muteny, my fine deare Countrimen, muteny,

Now my brave valiant foremen, show your weapons,

In honour of your Mistresses. *Enter another Messenger*

Mess. Arme, arme, arme.

K. A thousand Devills take um.

Di. A thousand blessings on um.

Mess. Arme O King, the City is in muteny.

Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on,

In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. *Exit with Arc. Pha. Belli.*

K. A way to the Cittadell, I'll see them safe.

And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard

And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance. *Exit King.*

Manent Dion, Glorمند, Trassine.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wishes.

Di. I and the marriage too: by my life,

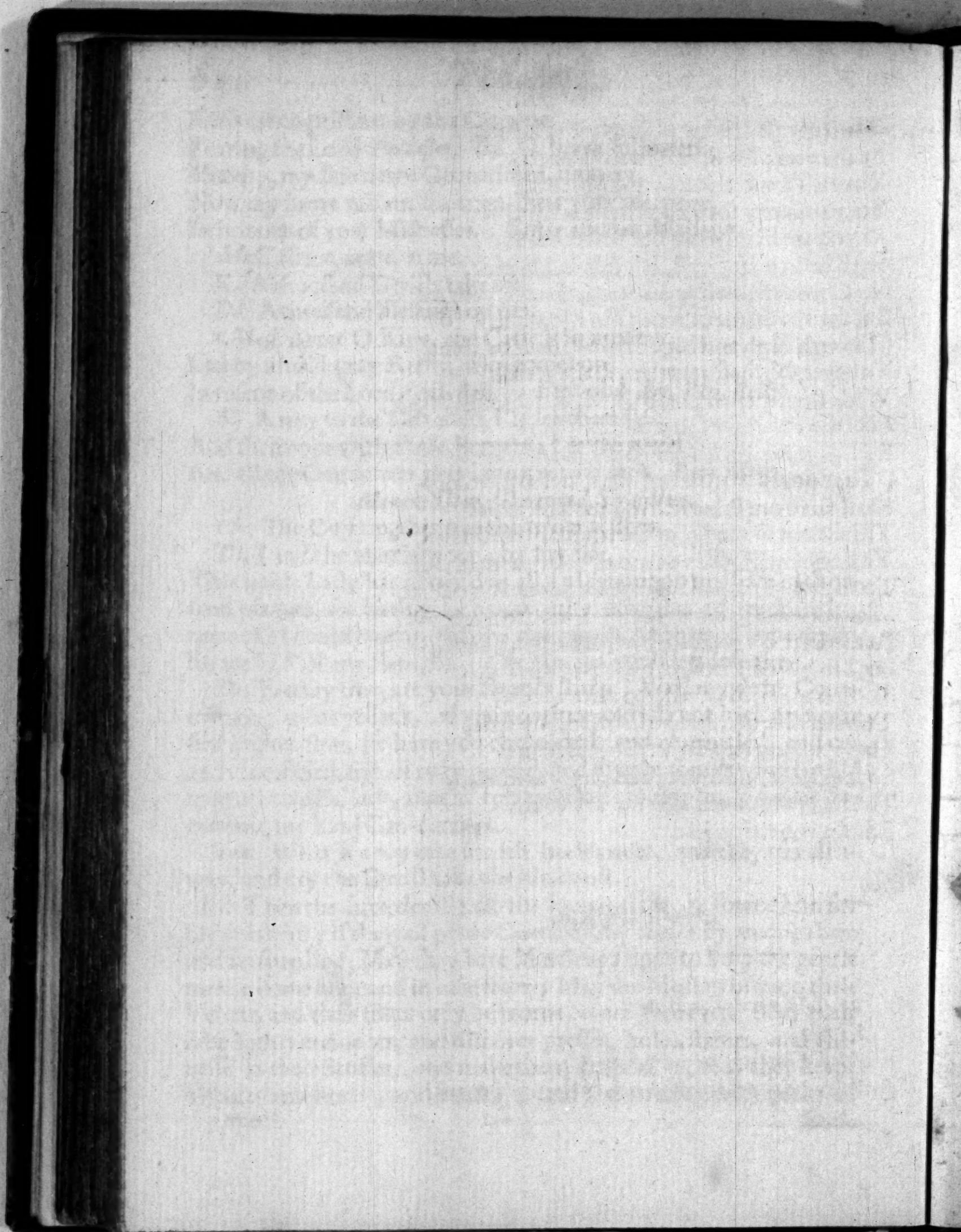
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all a plague upon my selfe; a thousand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her deare honour: O I could beat my selfe or doe you beat me, and I'll beat you for we had all one thought. *Cle.* No, no, I will but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharp? Well my deare Countrimen, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, ile have you chronick'd, and chronick'd, and cur and chronick'd, and all to be prais'd, and sing in sonnets and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you in *Sacule Seculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take um icht heeles now, and they run all away, and cry the Devill take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same devill take the foremost too, & sowce him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curles fly among them and be speeding; May they have Murriens raigne to keep the gentle men at home unbound in easie freez; May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their filkes only be worne before your eyes. May their false lights undoe um, and discover presses, holes, staines, and oldnesse in their Stuffles, and make them aspeird: May they keepe Whores and horses, and make, and live much up with heeles of

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Philaster.

65

Beefe and Turnaps : May they have many children, and none like the Father : May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcells, unless it be the goarish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarme together ! what a hum they raise ! Devils, choake your wild throats ; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring um on, and they will fight like sheepe. *Tis Philaster* none but *Philaster* must allay this heat : They will not heare me speake, but singe due at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run deare friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster* I speake him faire, call him Prince, doe him all the curtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits I long but ill of day to see him. *Exit Clerimond*

Di. Oh my brave Countrimen, as I live, I will not buy a pinne out of your Walls for this Nay, you shall cozen me, and I le thanke you, and send you Brawne and Bacon, and tolle you every long vacation a brace of fowle, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

K. What they will doe with this poore Prince, the gods know, and I feare.

Di. Why Sir, ther I flay him, and make Church Buckets on, sokin to quench rebellion, then clap a trivet in his fconce, and hang him up for a signe. *Exit Clerimond and Philaster*

K. O worthy Sir, forgive me, doe not make Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe, Still sound amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you, And though I find it ill, and beaten to it, Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people, And be what you were borne to : take your love, And with it my repentance, and my wishes, And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speakes this: And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be strooke with thunder. *P. Di. Mighty Sir,* I will not doe you greatnesse so much wrong, As not to make your word truth, free the Princesse,

Il

13

And

And the poore boy, and let me stand the shocke :
Of this mad sea breach, which I'll either turne
Or perish with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave kissing your hands,
And hanging on your royall word : be Kingly,
And be not moved Sir, I shall bring your peace,
Or never bring my selfe back.

K. All the gods goe with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captaine, and Citiz. ent. with Pharamond.

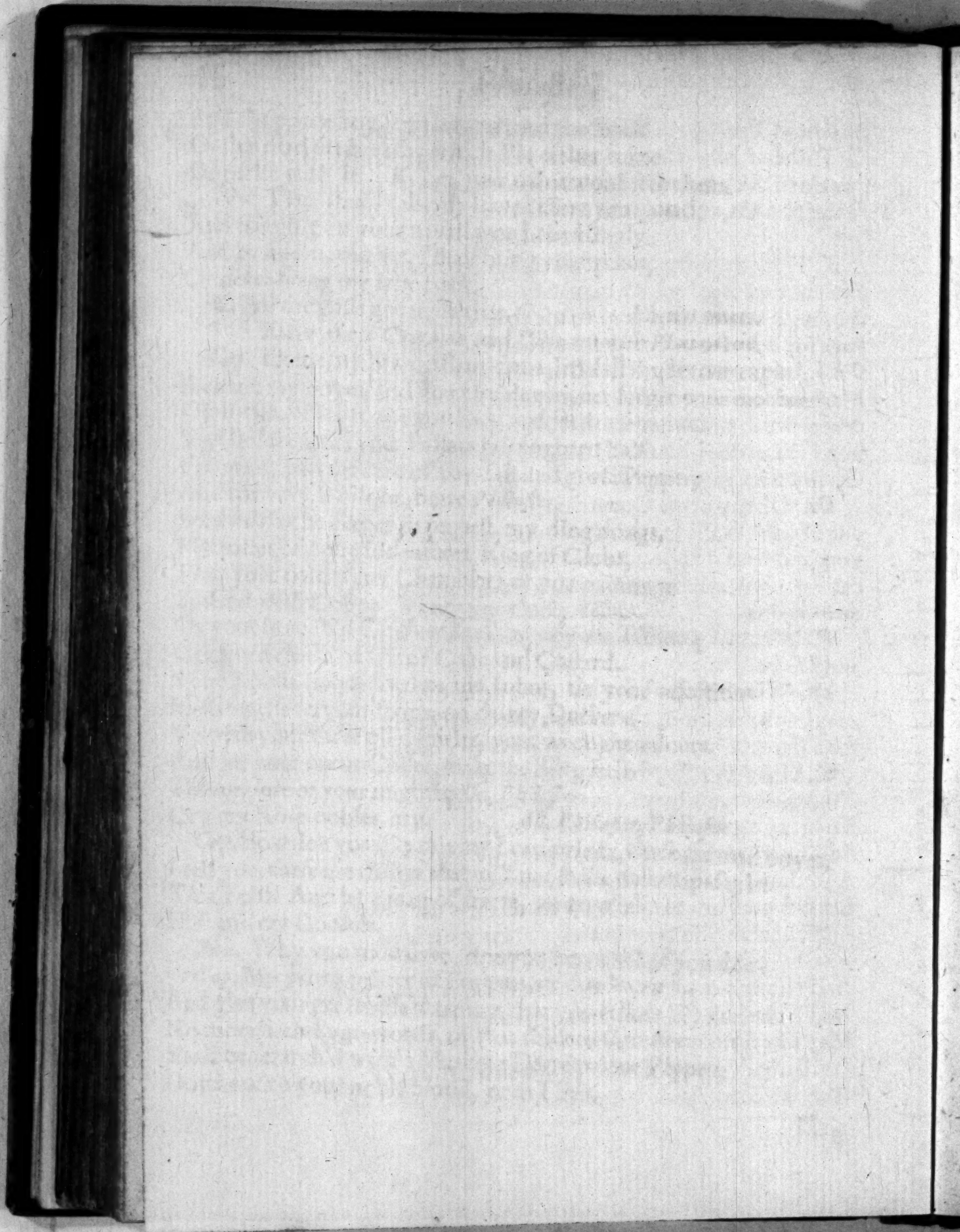
Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons, let fall on, let our caps
Swarme my boyes, and you humble tongues forget your mother
Gibb-rish, of what doe you lack, and set your mouths
Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grosse Pepper,
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*.
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding dong,
My paires of deere Indentures, King of Clubs,
Then your cold water Chamblers, or you paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tiliues,
Dearely belov'd of Spiced Cake and Custard.
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your affections
In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers,
Up with your three pild spirits, your wrought valours.
And let your uncut Colier, make the King feele
The measure of your mightinesse, *Philaster*.
Cry my Rose-nobles, cry. *All. Philaster, Philaster.*

Cap. How doe you like this my Lord prince, these are mad boyes,
I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sayles
To a Foist. And let a man of warre, an argosie
Hull and cry Cockles.

Phi. Why you rude slave, doe you know what you doe?

Cap. My pritty prince of Puppets, we doe know
And give your greatnesse warning, that you talke
No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crowne
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket : Deare prince Pippen,
Downe with your noble blood, or as I live,

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Philaster.

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Ile have you codled: let him loose my spirits,
 Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
 And let us see what this trim man dares doe,
 Now fir have at you: here I lie,
 And with this swashing blow, doe you sweat princee;
 I could hulke your grace, and hang you up crosse-legd,
 Like a Hare at a Poulters, and doe this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered wicked Villaines?

1 Cit. Yes indeed will we fir, we have not seen one for a great while

Cap. He would have weapons would he? give him abroad side
 my brave boyes with your pikes, branch mee his skin in Flowers
 like a Sattin, and betweene every Flower a mortall cut, your Roy-
 alty shall ravell, jagge him Gentlemen, Ile have him cut to the kell,
 then downe the seames, oh for a whip,
 To make him galoone Laces,

Ile have a Coach-whip. *Pha.* O spare me Gentlemen?

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to feare and know himselfe,
 He shall for this time onely be seal'd up
 With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see
 Heaven and thinke whither hee's going,
 Nay my beyond-Sea fir, we will proclaime you,
 You would be King.

Thou tender Heire apparant to a Church-ale,
 Thou sleight prince of single scarcenet,
 Thou royall Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
 But poore mens Poultry, and have every Boy
 Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keepe mee from these Hell-hounds!

2 Cit. Shall's geld him Captaine? *(Sells)*

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets my deare Don-
 As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;
 The curses of a longing woman kills
 As speedy as a plague, Boyes.

1 Cit. Ile have a leg that's certaine.

2 Cit. Ile have an arme.

3 Cit. Ile have his nose, and at mine owne charge build a Col-
 ledge, and clap't upon the gate.

4 Cit.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to bring a Kite with;
For certainly a royall Gut will count like silver.

Pba. Would they, were in thy Belly; and I part my paine once.

5 *Cit.* God Captaine let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcells else? Speake.

Pba. Good gods consider me, I shall be tormented.

1 *Ci.* Captaine, I'll give you the trimming of your hand sword,
and let me have his skin to make fallow Sabbars.

2 *Ci.* He had no Hornes fir had he?

Cap. No fir, hee's a pollard; what wouldst thou do with hornes?

3 *Ci.* O if he had, I would have made rare Harts and Whistles
of um, but his skin bones if they be found shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave prince *Philaster*.

Pbi. I thanke you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands

Uncivil trades? *Cap.* My royall Officer,

We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Florets,

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus doe we clap our mullie Murrians on,

And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace

Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,

And bids thee live? Art thou above thy focien,

And free as *Phebus*? Speake, if not, this Stand

Of royall blood, shall be a broach, a tilt, and run

Even to the lees of honour.

Pbi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,

Free as my thoughts are; by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?

Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?

Doe the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,

Kisse their gumd gols, & cry we are your servants?

Is the Court Navigable, and the presence stuck

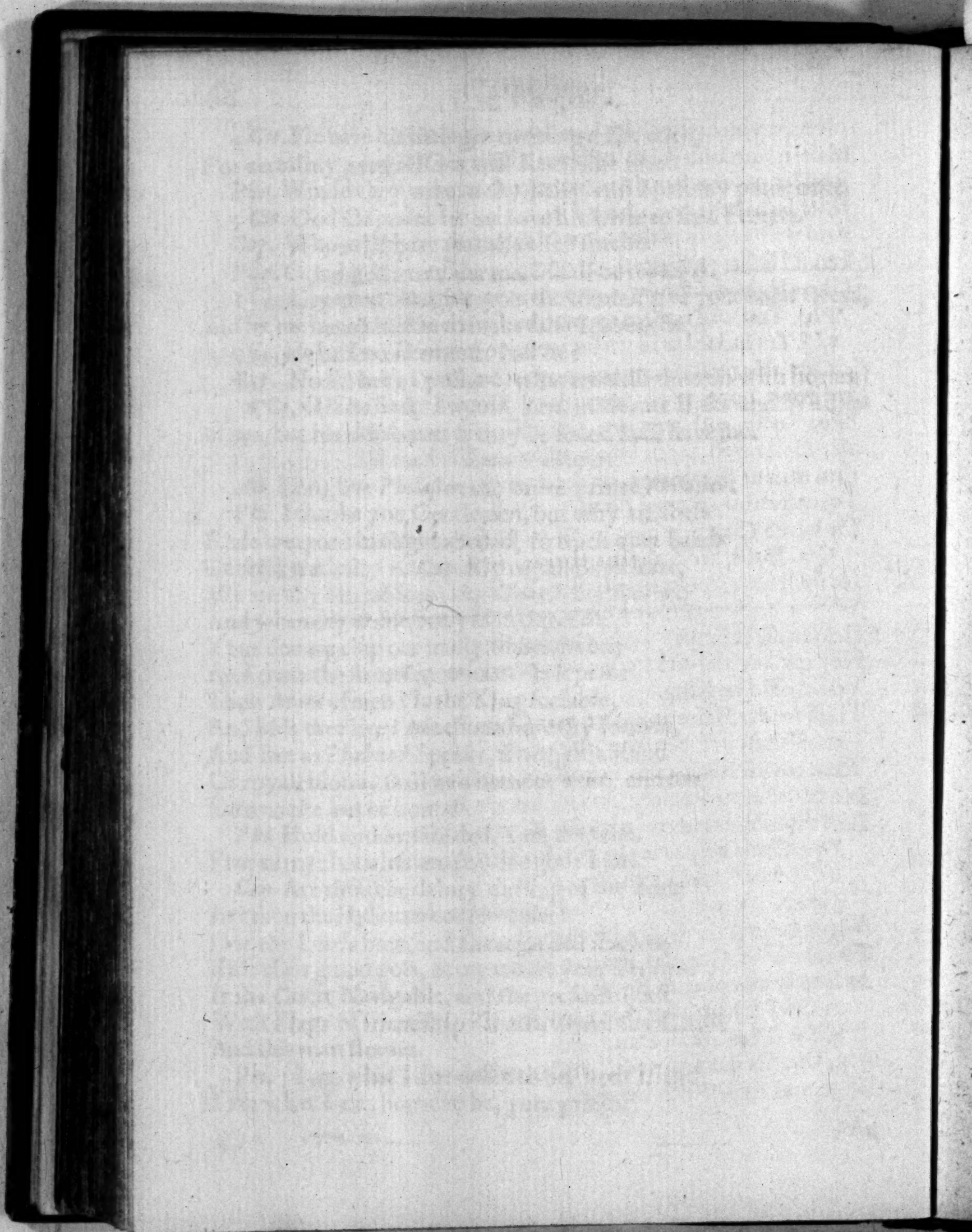
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Cattle,

And this man sleepe.

Pbi. I am what I doe desire to be, your friend

I am what I was borne to be, your prince.

Pba.



Philafter.

69

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
 You have a noble soule, forget my name,
 And know my misery, let me save a boord
 From these wild Canniballs, and as I live,
 I'll quit this Land for ever: there is nothing,
 Perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,
 Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether
 The worst company of the worst men, madnesse, age
 To be as many Creatures as a woman
 And doe as all they doe, nay to despaire;
 But I would rather make it a new Nature,
 And live with all those then endure one howre
 Amongst these wild dogges. (feares,

Phi. I doe pittie you: Friends discharge you
 Deliver me the prince, I'll warrant you
 I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

3. *Cl.* Good sir take heed he does not hurt you,
 Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Capt. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surfingle,
 And make you like a hawke. *He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
 'Alas he had rather sleepe to shake his fit off,
 Looke you friends, how gently hee leads, upon my word
 Hee's tame enough, he need no further watching.
 Good my friends go to your houses, and by me have your pardons,
 and my love,

And know there shall be nothing in my power
 You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes,
 To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
 Continue still your love, and for an earnest
 Drinke this. *All.* Long maiest thou live brave prince, brave prince,
 brave prince. *Exit Philaister and Pharamond.*

Capt. Thou art the King of Curtesie:
 Fall off againe my sweet youths, come and every man
 Trace to his house againe, and hang his pewter up, then to
 The Taverne and bring your wives in Muffes, we will have
 Muick, and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise Boyes. *Ex.*

K

Enter

Enter King, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Clerimond, Dion, Trasiline, Bellaria, and attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd?

Di. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleepe, my Lord *Philaster*, (men!
Brings on the prince himsefe. **K.** Kind Gentle-
I will not breake the least word I have given
In promise to him, I have heap'd a world
Of griefe upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come.

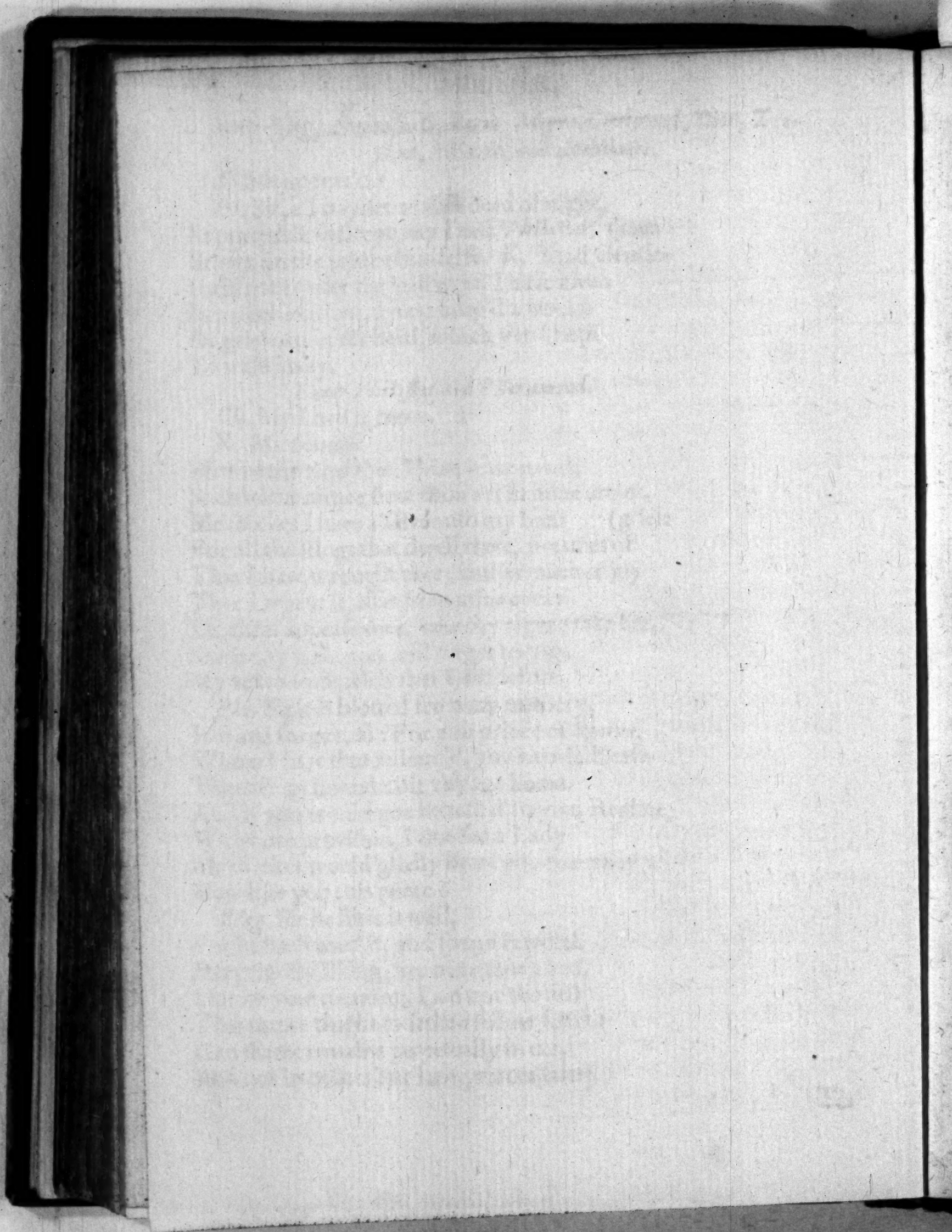
K. My sonne!

Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,
Me thinkes I have a salve unto my brest (griefe
For all the stings that dwell there, streames of
That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed soule with that I did before.

Phi. Sir it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten: For you prince of *Spaine*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would goe furnish'd to your Realme
With faire provision, I doe see a Lady
Me thinkes would gladly beare you company:
How like you this peece?

Meg. Sir he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking; we were tane a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth:
Can shame remaine perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have princes salves.

To



Philaster.

71

To cure ill names that meaner people want.

Phi. What meane you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To beare the princeesse and the boy together.

Di. How now?

Meg. Others took me, and I tooke her and him
At that all women may be tane sometime :
Ship us all foure my Lord, we can indure
Weather and wind alike. (father.

K. Cleare thou thy selfe, or know not me for

Are. This earth,

How false it is? what meanes is left for me
To cleare my selfe? It lies in your beleefe,
My Lords beleeve me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bill. O stop your eares great King, that I may speak
As freedome would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her actions, heare me fir,
Beleeve your hated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner then this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he beares it handsomely.

Phi. This Lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,
Then her with any thing; beleeve her not!
Why thinke you, if I did beleeve her words,
I would outlive um: honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be knowne
But death? *K.* Forget her fir, since all is knit
Betweene us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command what ere it be.

K. Swear to be true to what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted, *K.* Beare away that boy
To torture, I will have her cleerd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my words back, worthy fir,

K 2

Aske

Aske something else, bury my life and right
In one poore grave, but doe not take away
My life and fame at once.

K. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Pbi. Turne all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The fairest and the basest of this world:
Set swords against this breast some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pittied,
My former deeds were hatefull, but this last
Is pittifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the deere preserver of my life
Unto his torture: is it in the power *Offers to kill*
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live? *himselfe.*

Arc. Deere sir be patient yet: or stay that hand.

K. Sirs, strip that boy.

Di. Come sir, your tender flesh will trie your constancie.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen.

Di. No, help sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

K. Hast there, why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not breake my vow,
You know just Gods though I discover all.

K. Hows that? will he confesse?

Di. Sir so he sayes.

K. Speake then.

Bel. Great King if you command
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath knowne, and stranger things then these
You heare not often.

K. Walke aside with him.

Di. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face my Lord?

Di. No.

Bel. Have you not seene it, nor the like?

Di. Yes, I have seene the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have beene often told

In the name of the Lord
 and the Holy Spirit
 Amen

For the sake of the
 Holy Spirit
 Amen

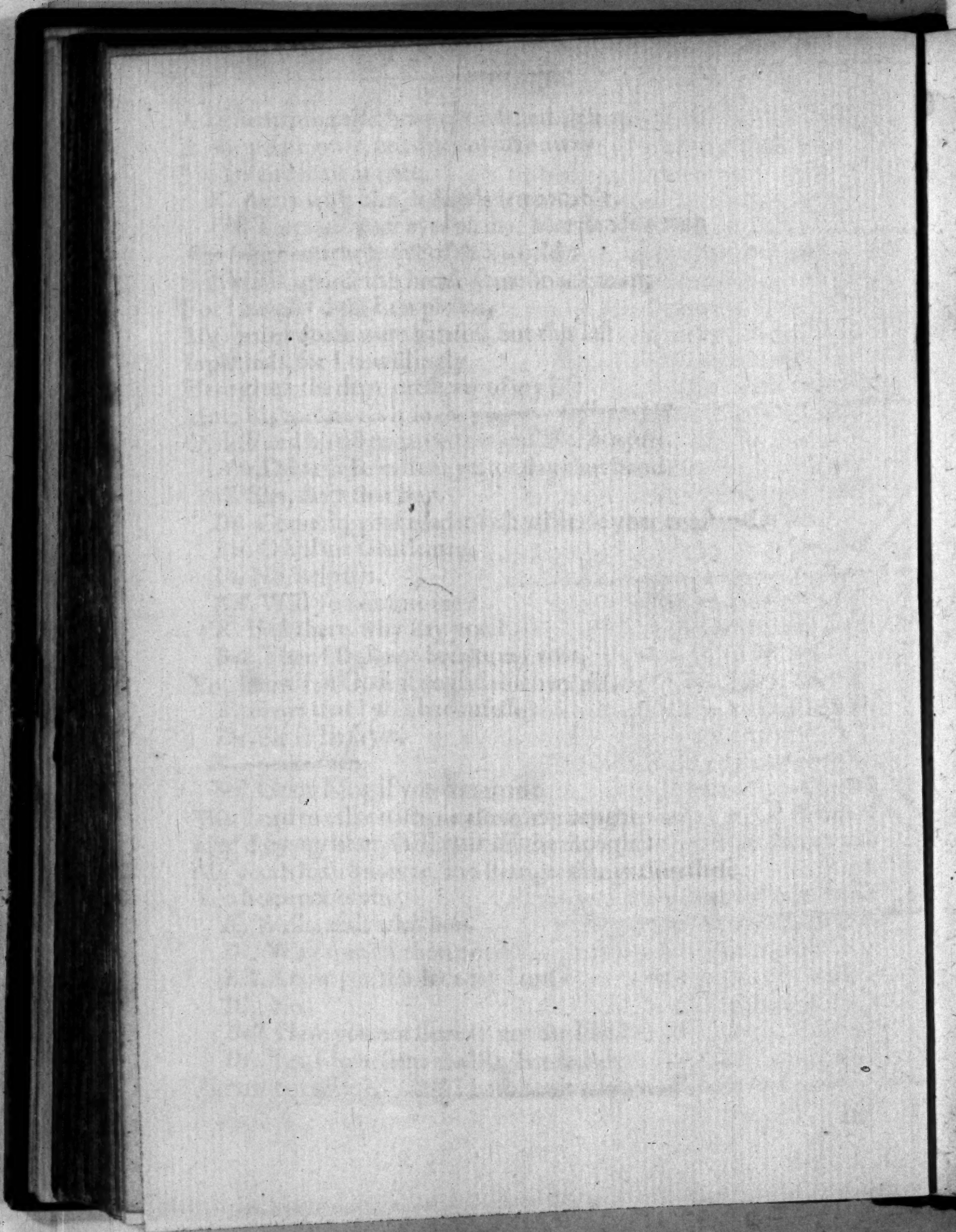
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 Amen

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 Holy Spirit
 Amen



In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would sweare)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be knowne asunder, drest alike.

Di. By heaven and so there is.

Bell. For her faire sake
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.

Di. But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost looke,
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In Pilgrimage?

Bell. I know it not my Lord,
But I have heard it, and doe scarfe beleve it.

Di. Oh my shame, ist possible? Draw neare,
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she,
Or else her murderer? where wert thou borne?

Bell. In *Siracusa*.

Di. What's thy name?

Bell. *Euphrasia*.

Di. O tis just, tis she,
Now I doe know thee, oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seene thee, nor my shame,
How shall I owne thee? shall this tongue of mine
Ere call thee Daughter more?

Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no meanes
To hide it longer, yet I joy in this,
The princeesse is all cleare.

K. What have you done?

D. All's discovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,

Di. All is discovered, pray you let me goe. *He offers to stab himselfe*

K. Stay him. *Are.* What is discovered?

Dio. Why my shame,
It is a woman, let her speake the rest.

Phi. How! that againe, *Di.* It is a woman.

Phi. Bleſt be you powers that favour Innocence.

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman Sir, haſt Gentlemen, (They that would ſeeke
It is a woman: *Arethusa* take My ſoule into thy breſt, that would be gone
With joy: it is a woman, thou art faire,
And vertuous ſtill to ages, in deſpight of malice.

K. Speake you, where lies his ſhame?

Bell. I am his Daughter.

Phi. The gods are juſt.

Di. I dare accuſe none, but before you two,
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didſt were undiſcreetly done,
Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon ſinnes as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But *Bellarion*,

(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me why
Thou didſt conceale thy ſex, it was a fault,
A fault *Bellarion*, though thy other deeds
Of truth out waigh'd it: All theſe Jealouſies
Had flowne to nothing, if thou haſt diſcovered,
What now we know. *Bell.* My father oft would ſpeake
Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
Morne and more apprehenſive, I did thiſt
To ſee the man ſo rais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Mayden longing to be loſt
As ſoone as found, till ſitting in my window,
Printling my thoughts in Lawne, I ſaw a god
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates,
My blood flue out, and back againe as faſt
As I had puſt it forth, and ſuckt it in
Like breath, then was I cald away in haſt
To enter teine you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a ſheep-coat, to a ſcepter-raiſ'd

So high in thoughts as I, you left a kisse
 Upon these lips then, which I meane to keepe
 From you for ever, I did heare you talk
 Far above singing; after you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stir'd it so, alas I found it Love,
 Yet farre from lust, for could I but have liv'd
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble Father
 With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and drest my selfe
 In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And understanding well,
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a Maid
 Could call together, never to be knowne;
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
 For other then I seem'd; that I might ever
 Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount
 Where first you tooke me up. *κ.* Search out a match
 Within our Kingdome, where and when thou wilt
 And I will pay thy dowry, and thy selfe
 Wilt well deserve him. *Bell.* Never fir will I
 Marry, it is a thing within my vow,
 But if I may have leave to serve the princeffe,
 To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
 I shall have hope to live. *Are. I Philaster,*
 Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
 Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I
 Suspect her living here, come live with me,
 Live free as I doe, she that loves my Lord,
 Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth
 Without an Heire: heare me my royall Father,
 Wrong not the freedome of our soules so much,
 To thinke to take revenge of that base woman;

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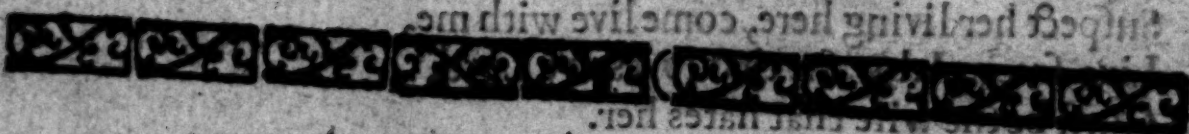
Philaster.

Her malice cannot hurt us: set her free
As she was borne, saving from shame and sinne.
K. Set her at libertie, but leave the Court,
This is no place for such, you Pharamond
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince, when you come there,
Remember twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will. *Pha.* I doe confesse
Renowned sir.

K. Last joyne your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What e. er I call mine, my blessing on you,
All happy houres be at your marriage joyes,
That you may grow your selves over all lands,
And like to see your plentious Branches spring
Where ever there is Sunne, let princes learne
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



To think to take revenge of that base woman,
Wrong not the freedom of our loves so much,
Without an Heire: heare me my royall Father,
But I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth.

